

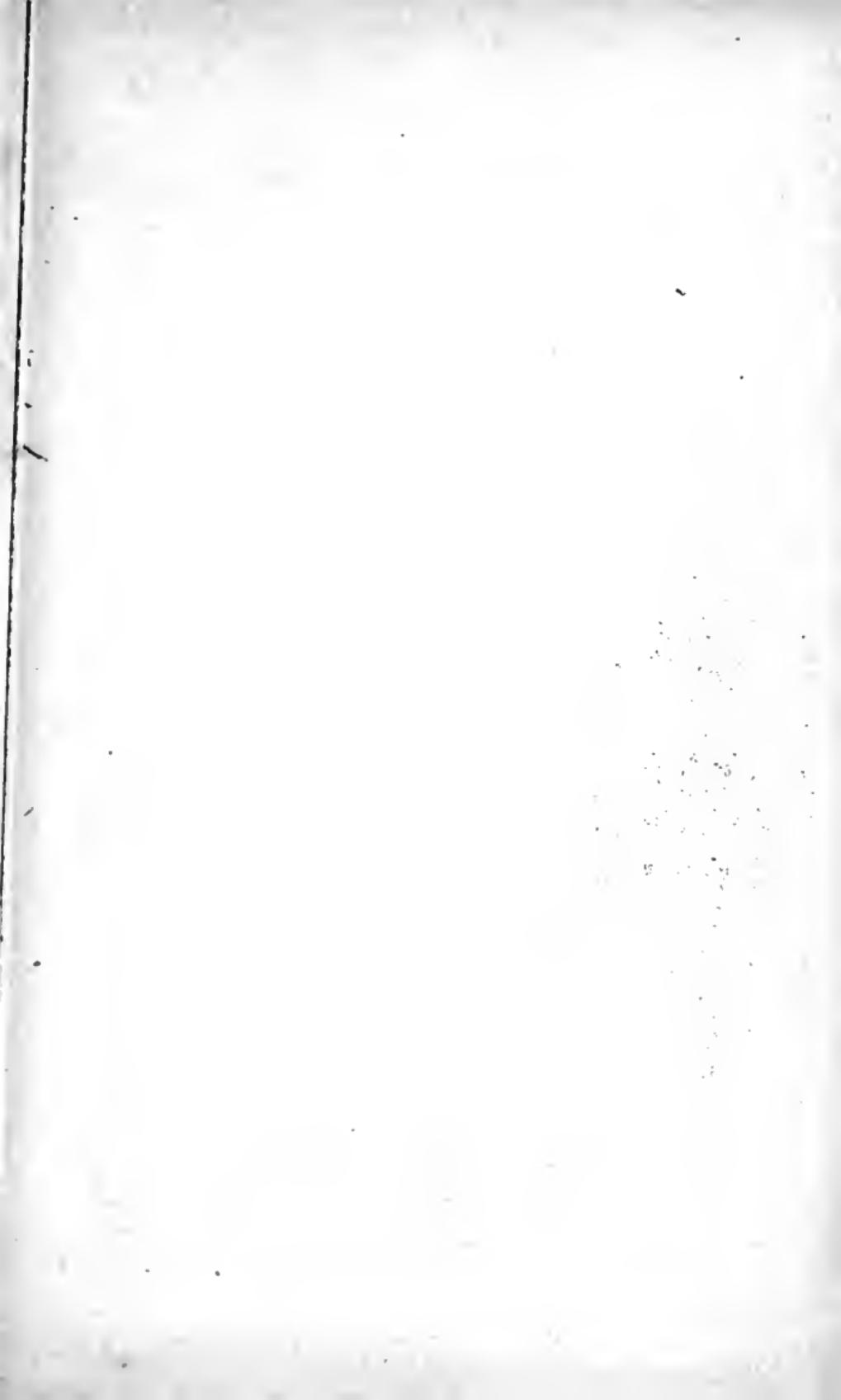




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The City Muse



G. Falkner, Lath' King, St. Almon'd

THE
CHERRY PLUSSIE,

OR
The Poets in Congress.

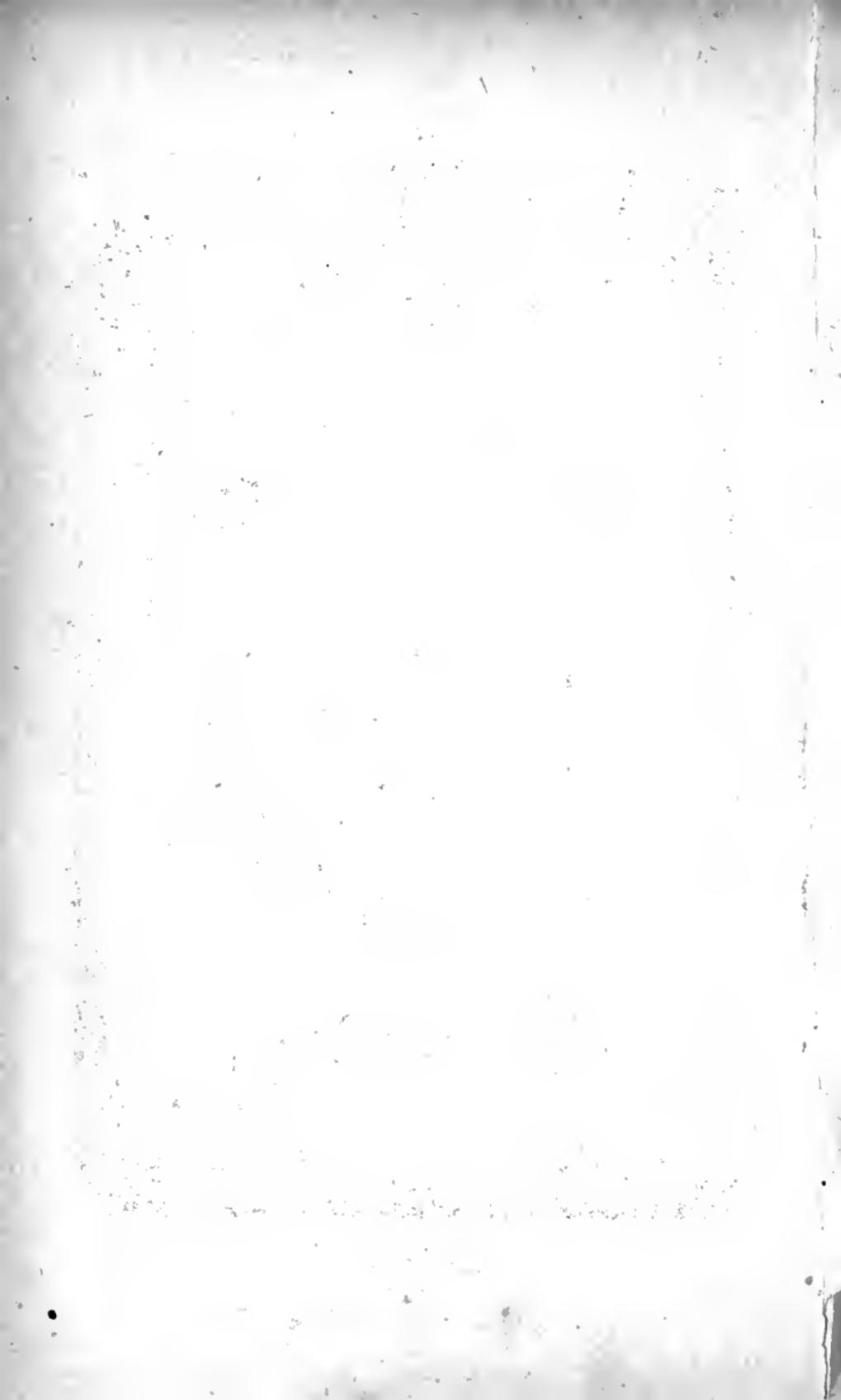


EDITED BY

William Reid.

1853.

London.
Simpkin, Marshall & Co.



THE
CITY MUSE;
OR,
THE POETS IN CONGRESS:
CONSISTING OF
Original Lays and Lyrics.
EDITED BY WILLIAM REID.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO. HOULSTON AND STONEMAN.
EDINBURGH: JAMES HOGG.
GLASGOW: DAVID ROBERTSON.

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THE present volume of original poems and songs is the joint production of several living authors, of whom it may be necessary to intimate that a few are already well known in the republic of letters, while the greater number are new adventurers in the literary world, but these, it is confidently presumed, possess such credentials of ability as will secure them an unequivocal reception in the social province of wit, of harmony, and of song.

It was contemplated on the first projection of this publication, to furnish a brief memoir with the effusions of each contributor. Had the Editor been enabled to carry this design to a successful issue, it would have proved a desideratum, and given additional interest to these pages; but the task was a delicate one, and was consequently declined. With regard to the previous publicity of two or three pieces

in this volume, the ephemeral character of periodical literature led the several authors of these to rescue them from their brief tenure of place, for a more enduring position here. With these exceptions, this work is exclusively original; and it is sincerely hoped that it may be found by the unbiassed reader to please the fancy, rectify the judgment, and exalt the mind.

Manchester, February 1853.

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TO THE CITY MUSE.

THE CITY MUSE.

TO THE CITY MUSE.

BY WILLIAM REID.

DAUGHTER of Song, thy mission speed !

Begin where fame began !

Declare thy sentimental creed,

And stipulate with man,

That where the poor implore in need,

And where oppression's victims bleed,

Thou wilt deery the damning deed

And to the world indignant plead,

Fulfilling mercy's plan.

And where the heart is wrapt in woe,

Low drooping in despair,

To dry the tears that burning flow

Thou wilt go sadly there ;

And where the heetic blushes glow,

And where the sick are lying low,

Awaiting life's malignant foe,

Thy holy care thou wilt bestow,

And close the scene with prayer.

When honest worth is sore depress'd,
And genius pines unknown,
Go there with philanthropie breast,
And make their cause thy own.
Or should they fade like beams far west,
Thus be their epitaph express'd—
'Sweet be the gentle poet's rest,
In purer regions of the bless'd ;'—
Graved on a simple stone.

Should freedom raise the battle cry,
When tyrants take the field ;
Where patriots press with courage high,
Display her trophied shield,
And with the lightning of thine eye
Bid them the godless power defy.
And where the fiends in earnage ply
Lead on to conquer or to die.
But not dishonour'd yield.

If love, with fond impassion'd speecheh,
Should plead by beauty's side,
Let honour not in vain beseech,
Nor innoeence be tried.

Assist the suit, persuasive teach—
Extol or soothingly impeach,
Till love darts through the flaming breach,
And passion's swelling surges reach
The citadel of pride.

Away, and to the utmost earth
With delegated powers,
Disclose the import of thy birth,
Sweet child of leisure hours.
'Mid scenes of the domestic hearth,
The seat of sorrow, or of mirth,
Encircle all in ample girth,
And proudly own there is no dearth
In intellectual bowers.

WINTER.

BY DAVID STIRLING.

Now Winter, in his icy ear,
Impels the hyperborean war
With havoc and alarm ;
He comes, with iron rule severe,
To dispossess the fading year
Of every vernal charm.

The leafless woods and turbid streams,
The feeble shoot of solar beams
That wander through the gloom,
Soon sicken in the desert scene,
Where nought but horrors intervene,
To o'erwhelm and entomb.

The grove is silent ! sadly mute !
Its lovely tenants press their suit
To some remoter shore.
None left of all the ardent throng,
To pour the deep, desponding song,
But Robin at your door.

Ah, not alone ! his plaintive note,
Deep drawn from many a feeble throat,
Disconsolation's wail :
Faint borne upon the surly blast,
List to yon helpless poor outcast,
Unfold his suffering tale.

O ye with hearts of triple steel,
Who view such scenes, nor ever feel
The swell of pity's tide !
Relent—nor ruthless from your door,
Expel the way-worn, wretched poor,
In your malignant pride.

Go mark in misery's haggard van
The fate of nature and of man
 In common lot conjoin'd ;
And as the madd'ning tempests rage,
Let sympathy your heart engage,
 And ope the generous mind.

TO E. G.

THE APPEAL OF FRIENDSHIP.

BY H. DIXON.

HAS thy pure soul e'er glow'd
 With Friendship's ardent flame ?
Or in thine accents flow'd
 The magic of its name ?
 Oh, exclaim !

If it be strange to thee,
 Nor ever charm'd thy breath ;
How cold thy sympathy ;
 Unsocial as death !
 Pity saith.

Perhaps thou didst confide
And met a base return :
If so, oh ! do not chide,
But let compassion burn.
Mourn, oh, mourn !

The dread of it misplaced
May make thy bosom start,
Lest on a barren waste
The treasures of thy heart
Weeping part !

Ah ! then how hard to win
Like favours from the bless'd,
To angel love akin,
As sacred when possess'd ;—
Deathless test.

But though I may not live
To claim this boon divine,
Oh ! trust me while I give
Eternal pledge of mine :
Ever thine !

Star in the storm of fate,
Oh ! cheer me through its gloom ;
Though death and ruin wait,
Thy ray will light the tomb.
Soothe my doom.

HAPPY OLD AGE.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

I FEEL that age has overta'en
My steps on life's descending way,
But Time has left no lingering pain,
No shadow of an evil day ;
And you, my children, gather near,
To smooth and balance my decline,
And ye are peaceful, duteous, dear—
Oh ! why should I repine ?

Not all exempt has been my sky
From fitful storm and fleeting cloud,
But sunbursts, shed from sourcee on high,
Have cheer'd my spirit when it bow'd ;
Not all without the shard and thorn
Has been my path, from first to last ;
But springs and flowers, of Mercy born,
Have blessed me as I passed.

I have not been all free from sin,
For what imperfect nature can ?
But I have no remorse within
For scorn of my poor fellow-man ;
Blest more than thousands of my race,
Above all worldly caste or creed,
I never turned disdainful face
Against another's need.

And now, unruffled as the pool
Reflecting Autumn's sunset hues,
My mind remains all clear and cool,
As I serenely talk or muse ;
Time has not dulled my moral sense ;
Age has not dimmed my mental sight ;
No passions weaken my defence,
No doubts and cares affright :

And Retrospection, even yet,
Will lead me through past-trodden ways,
And I remember—how forget ?—
The magic of my early days ;
All nature, so divinely wrought,
The unravelled mystery of things,
Expanded every boyish thought,
And lent my spirit wings.

And I remember how I grew
Up to the sunny noon of youth,
And thence to manhood, till I knew
How near akin was love to truth ;
My trials, bravely overcome,
My triumphs, not of purpose vain,
All these, with vague but pleasant hum,
Still murmur through my brain.

My children, offspring of a tree
Whose top is hoary with decay ;
Whose trunk is shaken as may be
Before it falls and fades away ;
Cherish whate'er good men unfold ;
Revere whate'er true men proclaim ;
And before heaven and man uphold
The honour of my name.

For me, I have no mortal fear,
I quake not as I hurry down ;
The path is clear, the goal is near,
The end, the glory, and the crown ;
Rather than let your eyes grow dim,
As ye consign me to the sod,
Rejoice that I shall be with Him,
My hope, my trust, my God !

THE POET'S FEARS.

BY M. ROSS.

SAY what shall be the Poet's lot,
The solace of his fears,—
The comforter of all his thought
Should pain in every limb be fraught,
And Death itself appears ?

Shall Beauty linger o'er his couch
And weep in grief for him,
If fell Disease, with chilly touch,
Display the languid cheek, as such
When all life's light is dim ?

If Madness spreads its dismal cloud
Around the path of mind ;
And horrid shapes within him crowd,
While fancied shrieks are heard aloud
In every breath of wind,

Shall Pity not a tear bestow
For Genius wreck'd and riven,
And mourn the bitter, adverse blow
Which cast its mental structure low,
As if by thunder driven ?

If Poverty shall cleave and eling,
And rave to him along :
If Want shall flap her raven wings,
While he, in broken numbers, sings,
A wild and mournful song.

Shall Afluenee relentless wear
A cold, disdainful sneer ;
And vaunting Pride, remorseless, dare
To crush the son of song, nor spare
His hallow'd, humble bier ?

And, if a rush of dark despair
Steal thro' his harrow'd brain,
As blighted love, like pois'nous air,
Destroys his youthful hopes, which were
Ne'er to return again :

And from Death's rugged, joyless brink
When Reason's reign is o'er,
When Memory lost every link,
If down Time's dark gulph he doth sink
To rise in life no more,—

Oh ! will his requiem be unsung,
Will not another lyre
For worth rejected still be strung,
And sound as if its eadence hung
Where Genius did expire ?

SONNET.

BY JOHN EVANS.

Now glows the sapphire vault with golden studs,
The moon glides slowly o'er her cloudless way,
And with the silver brilliance of her ray
Impearls the dewy glades and rippling floods.
Now o'er the grassy path the lev'ret scuds,
Now seeks the screeching owl her vermin prey,
The night air whispers in the blossom'd spray,
And wafts the fragrance of the sweet-briar buds.
Calm quiet listens to the lamb's low bleat,
The deep-drawn breathings of recumbent kine,
And hears the waves their rocky barrier beat,
While on its beetling brow the soft beams shine :
Then night and silence, in the lone retreat,
From cloudy cares perturbed thoughts refine.

TO MY SON AT SEA.

BY G. RICHARDSON.

(Written on a tempestuous night.)

GOD help thee, child, upon the ocean wide !
The tempest-laden clouds, huge, black, and driven,
Obseure the blue serene expanse of heaven,
And on the blast in dread confusion ride.
Fiereely the winds like distant thunders roll—
And pondering on thy sad and hapless fate,
Repose in Him, my fears to dissipate—
And cheek the yearning anguish of my soul !
A thousand times, when stillness reigns around,
Will midnight musings fearful vigils keep—
Woo me with watching from refreshing sleep,
And steep me in anxiety profound !
I deem thee lost ! and o'er my lost one mourn,
Or Hope's fond fancy paints thy long—but safe return.

SONNET.

BY JOHN EVANS.

Lov'st thou to pace the downland's mounded green
In Night's still hour, when their fantastic maze
Dance lightly round, the feather-footed fays,
Beneath the silent moon's love-beaming sheen ?
Nor trip they on their verdant rings unseen
To th' inspired bard's enthusiast gaze,
When, to the measure of the night-bird's lays,
They follow up their dream-presiding queen.
Or, when the bowery walk thy step invites,
Where the fond glow-worm, like Leander's bride,
Gilding the dark, the torch of Cupid lights,
The course of her approaching love to guide.
Say, does not Fancy with illusive art,
An interest to their simple loves impart ?

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Author of the "Pleasures of Hope."

BY CHARLES DAVLIN.

WHAT, CAMPBELL dead ! No, no,
Shall Fame with trumpet tongue long, long reply ;
His resting place below
Proclaims the truth, that Campbell cannot die !

No, Faney's favour'd child ,
And nursling of the Muses, from thy birth
Hope sanctioned, as she smiled,
Thy slumber with the mighty ones of earth.

Though pompous, dark parade
Mark'd the cessation of thy tuneful tongue :
Though pensiveness pervade
Where now, in silence, hangs thy harp unstrung.

Death dares not come to thee,
As Time's dread hangman onward he careers.

'Tis thine at least to be
The living minstrel of a thousand years.

Thy " Warning of Lochiel,"

“Lord Ullen’s Daughter,” and thy “Last Man,”
Could not in vain reveal
Thy vast imaginative mental span.
Thy least aspiring theme
Bore the eternal stamp of sterling fame,
Ere yet thy “Soldier’s Dream”
Shed an immortal halo round thy name.
Thy lines delight shall give
As generations roll from age to age,
While taste and language live,
Or beauty shall adorn the classic page.
Then mourn not the beloved
Of bards, whose life so lastingly hath shed
A light, which, though removed
Himself, burns but the brighter: who is dead?
Not Campbell? No! the bard
Of “Hope” shall perish not till time retires,
And they, who longest spared,
Shall cease to be, and Death himself expires.
Alas! my simple muse,
In solemn silence pause, thy wings be still;
Truth, in her sterner views
Outsoars the sisters of Parnassus hill.
Uneompromising truth,
In all decay discovers all supply;
Nor hides from age nor youth
That all who live, as positively die.

Yes, thou art gone, sweet bard !
From all who loved thee, from thyself, from all
The world, whose due regard
Shall never, never, penetrate thy pall.

On thee all praise and blame
Alike were idly wasted ; all to thee
Of infamy or fame
Exist not, even as nonentity.

Where genius rests, rest thou,
Long honour'd of the dead,—that chaplet green
Which late adorn'd thy brow,
In undeclining splendour may be seen
For ages yet unborn :
While mouldering in the depth of thy repose,
While Fame's far sounding horn
Wakes not one thrill to censure or applause.

Now that the spark hath fled,
Which late illum'd thine ashes, now inurn'd,
Thou sharest the lowly bed
Of those whose genius not less brightly burn'd ;
That flame Promethean which
May radiate the brightest of mankind,
Lends nothing to enrich
The feeble tenement it leaves behind.

How fleeting is the dream
Of sublunary being ! e'en when most
Consistently we seem
To occupy the span so briefly lost.

Unfavour'd fall the proud
As fall their slaves, the meanest of the yoke ;
As reckless from the clond
The shaft of lightning cleaves the giant oak.
So severs the last hold
We have of life, Death's bolts impartial strike
The backward and the bold,
The despot and the dustman, all alike.
The ruthless, rcbel hand
Of daring Death does not less lowly lay
The proudest of the land,
Than those who basely breathe bnt to obey.
Where sleep the silent dead
The brazen battle trnmp, or toesin loud,
Bears nought of import dread ;
The voice of thunder pierces not the shroud.
Where care and crime no more
The soul's sublimest sympathies corrode
And all who mourn'd before
Serenely sleep, in this their last abode.
The past annoys them not ;
That multitude, though silent, seem to say,
In fellowship we rot,
Whate'er our feuds in wending life's rough way.
The solemn, silent grave,
Where rest alike the savage and the seer,
The tyrant and the slave ;
All, all are aliens to distinction there.

With pity more than scorn
We hear the hollow boast of blood and birth,
Since all alike were born,
Here all in common claim one parent earth.

Let him of laurell'd brow
Late lured by victory's fell, fleeting charms,
Say what avails him now
The havoc of his desolating arms.

In mockery of forms
By whatsoever light of judgment led,
A banquet hall for worms
Must be the diadem eneireled head.

Let coffin'd beauty speak
Of how the graces and the loves conform
To spare the damask cheek,
In this the mighty workshop of the worm.

This hall of dark display,
Whose thousand gates confront the thousand roads
Where, wearied on their way,
The travellers through life lay down their loads ;

This place of peace profound,
This sombre, silent city, which the sun
Salutes not in his round
Of splendour, here where all lies lost or won.

Henee be our actions here
So self approved as, ere we come to this,
We weelcome, more than fear,
Decomposition's dark analysis.

'Tis strange, that though we shrink
To scan the solemn sepulchre, as now
We sport upon the brink
Of time's dark precipice, uncaring how.

But thou to whom we raise
This humble, heartfelt, tributary strain,
We venture not in praise
To span thy merits, such attempt were vain.

Earth's noblest sons of song
Shall pitch a dirge more reaching thy degree,
To say how loud and long
The muse in cypress mourns her loss in thee,
Still let us prize thy worth
While living, rather than thy loss repine.

Sweet songster of the north,
The common doom of all is that of thine.



TO A BROTHER POET IN DISTRESS, WHO
SOLICITS PECUNIARY AID.

BY A. SUTHERLAND.

JUST now deep sullen sadness clouds me all,
The poet's hapless lot and dire mischance,
Struck like a felon by an adverse blow
Of mereless severity. Alas,
How undeserving! Yet 'tis thus that worth
Must ever suffer in this gloomy world,
While fraud and guile in guilty steps advance
With iron features and with brazen front,
And o'er the weakness of the innocent
Ride hideous, with impunity and dread.
And is there no redress for such as suffer thus?
Shall the malignant viper, in his little hour
Of brief authority, transfix his fangs
And spit his venom in the rankling wound
Which he in rancorous hate hath opened?
Where is the boasted Law, whose ample shield
Protects? and 'neath whose saered eare the weak
Seek shelter from the thrusts of felon power?
Ho, seek'st thou justice? there is none. Justice
Is a mockery—an idle phantom—

That o'er its vigils sleeps, while eager fiends
Insatiate prowl, with bloody, grim intent,
And hurl th' unwary to the dark abyss
Of chaos and of hell ! while Ruin sits
Enthroned on human bones, his gory jaws
Entrench'd and stuek deep in the vital seat
Of mortal agony ! When shall outrage
Cease to o'ertake the feeble steps of man ?
And fell, inexorable despotism,
Hunt him like a beast, timid and fearful,
Panting in thickets of horror ! Oh, Man,
How savage and feroeious to thy kind !
How far thy wayward will and dark desires
Have led thee to the saerifice
Of bleeding millions ! how oft have fall'n
The good, the great, the worthy, and the wise,
The young and beautiful ! and hoary age
Alike has sunk in utter helplessness
'Neath th' atrocieous arm of ruffian power.

Arise, oh mortal ! from thy apathy
And dangerous indifference. Arise,
With breast of fire, with thunder on thy brow,
And lightning in thine eye. Come forth
With godlike courage and almighty daring,
And in the blazing panoply of right

Advance ! and burn terrific on the plain
Where lurks the monster that has wrung the wail
Of poor humanity, for ages that
Have rolled in grey and hoary majesty,
Since the first note of time pealed on the ear.
Oh come, and stretch in death the shape abhor'd
Of foul and gaunt Oppression ; whose dread shade
Encircles the great earth, and settles dark,
Deep as Jehovah's curse, on nations struck
With desolation, silence, and despair.
O'erthrow its horrid bulk, and let it writhe
In its own slime, until the flaming gulphs
Of hell-resounding earthquakes swallow it.
Then shall the light of freedom's ardent eye
Beam as the ray that lights the starry halls
Of sapphire-glowing heaven ; then shall fields
Teem rich with nature's luxuries, and Man
Shall walk enfranchised and exult o'er her
Exuberant conceptions, which for all alike
Spring from her bosom in full laden plenty.
Then shall bards rejoice, sublime in ecstasy,
In Paeans grand shall celebrate the age
Of concord and of peace ; when all shall hold
An equal privilege with all—and Man
In universal bond of amity—
Shall walk the round of time exalted high
E'en in the simple pride of honest worth.

But ah, my friend, my vchement has led
My chafed spirit far beyond the stretch
Of my sad purpose ; 'tis a painful task
To answer the appeal of dire distress
When all our poor estate (a barren wish)
Would not suffice to mitigate a jot
The fell severity of thy sad circumstance.
I cannot speak with freedom, yet I must
At least be candid, for suspense is cruel.
I truly cannot meet your earnest wishes,
Nor can I help a brother in distress,
Or credit me I would with all good gracie.
I need not now detail the causes why ;
The task would be impertinent and dull,
The knelling no would petrify the heart—
Nay, turn to loathing all that else was said.
I pity and I envy you just now—
I pity, as I know the pangs you feel
Do give you much inquietude, and sore
Indeed they might torment and crucify
That peace of mind which even the harden'd crave.
And yet I envy you with heart and soul ;
O lord ! how under such a load of woe
I would burst forth, and make grim tyrants quake
And writhe in horrid terror 'neath my rage !
Yea, the howling elements of nature
In all their dreadful ire I would subdue.

If I had power to do the mighty deed,
With momentary impulse on I'd dash
Into the surging floods, belligerent
With crashing might! I'd close in combat firm
With superhuman, fiendish force, conjoin'd
To manhood's brawny strength, and fiercely quell,
And quash, and tread in scorn opposing power,
And vaunt exultingly; how wildly grand
To buffet billows and subdue great swells!
And grasp with giant strength the reins of power
That hold in chains the universe. Oh Man,
Presumptuous offspring of the fleeting hour,
Weak mortal! terror-striken moth! I'd eurb
Thy puny efforts with a twiteh so small,
That flies would laugh, and gnats with pompous gait
Would strut in giant grandeur to and fro,
And eye the deed askanee, as if so trifling 'twas
They scareely knew 'twas done. Ah, now I know
The onset was too rash—but yield! I wont.
I'll quickly summon from prolific springs
Fresh vigour to my frame. Again I close—
Collapsed in fury's deadly hug. I pause—
And gaze—and pant—and gasp—and gurgling gorge
In desperate insanity—then fall
In simmering swoon—then dream—then die
And realize nonentity. Not that
But liberate from weary yoke my soul,

And let it sally through ethereal space
To nestle in the sun, or in the moon,
Or neither ; as it will, so let it roam,
In boundless regions where no foot hath trod,
Nor flexile wings have measured distances
With soft and rapid motion, unrestrain'd
By even subtle air, of earthly fowl
Or cherubim celestial ; still the same,
The pliant wings perform their silent strokes
With noiseless wasted useless energy.
Yet the unfettered soul may freely stray
And satiate its roaming passion wild,
And skim with darting pace the endless void
If such a place can be. But ponder here—
What power propellant goads your rapid flight ?
What power attractive draws with eager sway ?
What power inherent in thy substance bright
Commands compliance in this austere way ?
Can you be linked with loathsome man entrall'd,
To view with horror all the acts perform'd
By his depraved humanity. Oh ! bitter bond :
Oh, ruthless, fiendish tyranny ! how foul
This dismal, dastard deed. No wonder, then,
Thy polish'd purity in hearty hate
Doth long to be entomb'd from such stale stench,
Collecting from the fall of man till now ;
And is beyond all bearing at this day,

Which the colossal grandeur and great acts
Of high philosophy have failed to move ;
And wide and deep has been this foulsome blot,
That's spread amongst the pigmy tribes of man.
'Tis this explains the steady zeal that's shown
In all the struggling aims at liberty ;
Man querulous upbraids his hated life,
As being thickly set with snares and toil—
His life endangered, every motion made
To turn, is dangerous, and to bend is death.

SPRING.

BY WILLIAM REID.

THE rough campaign of Winter's past,
Careering on the northern blast
He storms the Polar sky ;
Lo ! in the south the timid Spring,
Allured by hope, on fluttering wing
The child of fear and joy.

Ethereal Spirit ! Azure born !
How buoyant thy elastic morn,
Thy day how pure its close ;
Mild breathing o'er the wasted year,
In smiles soft chequer'd with a tear,
Dried haply ere it flows.

Sweet Spring ! fond image of the past,
Whose ever verdant scenes are cast
Round idol forms inurn'd :
The joy of youth, the dream of age,
The sorcery of memory's page,
When love and friendship burn'd.

Thy mystic presence felt around
E'en in the ocean's hoar profound,
To where the eagle soars ;
Now wide proclaim'd in magic note
Pour'd from the cuckoo's swelling throat,
Thy herald to all shores.

And see thy rapt enthusiast rise,
Melodious pour in upper skies,
The burning hymn of praise ;
Alone in airy halls it sings,
Winnowing its enamour'd wings
In Sol's effulgent rays.

With equal flame in gaudy flight,
Along the paths of streaming light,
Forth roams the butterfly ;
The bee has ventured far abroad,
To pile the rich delicious load,
Upon his burthen'd thigh.

Fresh vigour stirs the germs of life,
That sickly pined 'neath Winter's strife,
In torpid chill repose ;
Again the beauteous tribe of hues,
Their fragrant influence diffuse,
Long hid in envious snows.

In dalliance with the wanton air,
The zephyr sighs in secret care,
To every list'ning faun ;
The browsing kine, and frisking lambs,
The mingled sound of bleating dams,
In wide assemblage drawn—

The liquid song, the echoing wood,
The beaming hill and circling flood,
The daisy mantled plain—
These charm the senses, light the eye,
They move the soul to ecstacy—
Creation blooms again.

ON SEEING A YOUNG LADY AT THE GRAVE
OF A POET.

BY JAMES TELFORD.

WHERE yon sapling tall and slender
Spreads its thin and scanty shade,
Softly in the moon's pale splendour—
Where the Poet low is laid—
Beauteous, and of aspect tender,
Musing sadly, walks a maid.

All is still—no zephyr sighing
Sweeps across the sleeping scene ;
And the lovely flow'rs are lying
Drooping in the silver sheen ;
And the stars look pale and dying
In the depths of heav'n serene.

Full of sighs, she, moving slowly,
Pansing oft with rev'rent fear,
Seems like Pity sweet and holy,
Come to drop another tear !
' Shade of him who liest lowly,
Unseen hov'ring, art thou near ? '

Maiden, hast thou read the treasure
Which his pen gave to mankind,
When 'mid sorrow and life's pressure
His too lustrous spirit pined ?
Hath the sad tones of his measure
Found an echo in thy mind ?

He who sang of summer's gladness,
Dewy eve, and rosy morn,
Keenly felt with cruel madness
This cold world's neglect and scorn ;
Oh, 'tis wrong ! that ought of sadness
Should with genius be twin-born !

Yet, oh yet, my efforts blessing—
Poesy ! grant me thy dow'r,
Flowing verse with ease expressing
All the sweets of nature's bow'r ;
Which thy favour'd sons possessing
Wake the song of truth and power.

Give me fame ! that when I've parted
From this life with laurell'd brow
To my grave—when day departed
Leaves the moon to shine as now—
O maiden, mourning lonely-hearted,
Some may come to weep as thou !

ONE HOUR OF MUSING.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

One hour of musing, when the twilight falleth,
Like nature's pall, upon departed day,
And memory back, in plaintive mood, recalleth
The hopes and sorrows long since pass'd away.

One hour of musing, when the world's ambition
Fades, like the morning-mist, before our eyes,
And the calm spirit feels it hath a mission
Not all of earth, but destined for the skies.

One hōur of musing, when the hollow seeming
That gilds the world hath from the picture flown,
And lips and eyes, that look'd with friendship beaming,
Leave us, like meteors, darken'd, lost, and lone.

One hour of musing, when the transient pleasures
That mock'd and madden'd us in early youth,
Have vanish'd from us, like to stolen treasures,
Dazzling our sight, but leaving us in ruth.

One hour of musing, when we see around us
The friends and playmates of the times of yore,
And know that links so sweet as those that bound us
About the heart can intertwine no more.

One hour of musing, when no glare enhances
The deeds self-love hath lauded in the past,
And with the coming blends no cheating fancies,
Whilst reason's gaze is o'er the vista cast.

One hour of musing, when we think how madly
Life's rarest gifts we careless flung away,
And o'er the ever-lost we ponder sadly,
And ask, in bitter grief, "Oh ! where are they ? "

One hour of musing, when we see before us
The sparkling wine-cup, and the revel hours,
When for the song each merry voice had chorus—
All have departed, like the scent of flowers.

One hour of musing, when we hear the greeting,
And vows of friendship, breathed in that wild time :
Alas ! we know that they were found as fleeting
As the bright lightning of some sultry clime.

One hour of musing—let us then be learning
To bear up boldly, free from faltering fears ;
No vain regrets must cheek our spirit's yearning
To gather wisdom in the coming years.

THE SONG OF THE REDBREAST.

BY THOMAS NICHOLSON.

My name is Cock Robin, I'm very well known
In castle or cottage, in country or town ;
And always about harvest time of the year
My musical voice you are certain to hear.

I'm a minstrel most weleome wherever I come,
Even children all throw little Robin a crumb ;
And never with stiek or with stone am I struck ;
To hurt poor Cock Robin is very bad luck.

When round your lone dwelling the winter winds blow,
And the hills and the valleys are cover'd with snow,
A shelter I seek ; for the frost and the cold,
Although I am timid, make me very bold.

Then I plaintively twitter, and hop on your sill,
Or tap at your window with my little bill ;
If you open the easement, I hop in so tame,
And you say to catch Robin's a sin and a shame.

For time out of mind, and the feeling is good,
Robin's friendship with man has been well understood,
Whenever his choice is in confidence made,
'Tis seldom or ever poor Bob is betray'd.

Should I then be content with cold hip or haw,
When a sweet little song will such sympathy draw ?
And you never will miss, be you ever so poor,
The few scatter'd crumbs that I pick from your floor.

Wherever I visit, my presencee will bless,
For I soften the heart to remember distress ;
Where charity dwells, oh ! 'tis thither I'd roam,
'Tis always the cheerfulllest, happiest home.

But when early spring displays its green buds—
Oh then ! and oh then ! my home is the woods !
And happy am I, in my country sojourn,
When I find my kind friends do my visits return.



ACROSTIC.

BY W. R.

MAID of soft, expressive eye,
Artless sweet simplicity ;
Running o'er thy matchless charms
I have traced a thousand forms,
And in each admiring see
Native grace and majesty.
Nature there exhausts her dower ;
Envy knows their fatal power.

Conning o'er thy cherish'd name,
Oft I feel an ardent flame
Gaining strength around my soul,
As the fitful visions roll
Nightly with supreme control.

ODE TO THE MOON.

BY M. ROSS.

O, GLORIOUS orb of tranquil night,
Through space thy bright beams play !
Shedding thy virgin, silvery light,
On rippling stream and on mountain height,
Thou wend'st on thy course away.

Stars, bright stars, herald thy brilliant reign :
Stars, beautiful stars, are in thy train :
Thy trackless mirror, the shore-girt sea,
Proclaim the presencee of night and thee !

There, on the branchees of the grove,
 There, on the boughs of the fragrant dale
Sweet Philomel, in strains of love,
 Breathes unto thee its fairy tale.
Joy swells its breast—it knows no care,
While it warbles away in the balmy air.

Shine on, thou radiant orb of night !
 Nor ever clouded be thy beams ;
For O, the heart beats with delight,
 And the flower-clad earth seems far more bright,
In this hour of love's sweet dreams.

Shine on ! thy worshippers lie
 On the green and fragrant sward,
Watching thy journey on high,
 While the whispers of love are heard.
And the minstrel sings his lay,
 While he looks on thy spangled throne,
As a lover, bidding thee stay,
 And sighing when thou art gone :
And Echo returns his passionate strain
O'er woodland scene and flowery plain.

Milk-white clouds now veil thy light
As thou mov'st on thy onward course ;
And thy mellow shade, thou Queen of Night,
Lies on the river's source.

The soft, sweet tint on the distant hill,
And the star in the distant sky,
And the far-off sound of the tinkling rill,
Delight both ear and eye.

The devotee, while he whispers his pray'r,
And he hears no sound in the death-still air,
Gazes on thy light serene.
Even the unletter'd swain,
As he plods o'er the plain,
Joys in a moonlight scene.

List, to the oars as they dip
In the silvery rippling lake,
And the song from the harper's lip
Bidding his lady-love wake !

And yonder the joyous dance
Of youths on the green-grown earth,
Where many an innocent glance
Imparts to the heart its mirth.

Shine then still, nor may thy light
Leave us with departing night ;
But if thy beams must follow thee
Far o'er the waste of yonder sea,
Return, sweet Moon, with all thy train
Night after night to us again,
So that our joys unelouded be,
And we delight in night and thee.

—
ACROSTIC.

BY W. R.

AH, why has hope forsown my breast ?
Now left a wild abyss
Numbering hours of haggard rest ;
Enchantress, tell me this ?

Ruin carries in thy glance
Exorbitant desire ;
Yet yon orb in high advance
Ne'er burn'd with purer fire.
Oft I dared thy fatal charms,
Long mark'd with heedless eye :
Damned now with love's alarms,
Say, shall I vainly sigh ?

SUMMER.

BY W. REID.

Now Phœbus yokes his fiery team,
Disporting fierce the fervent beam
From his electric clime ;
And flaming, winds the ecliptic round,
Where satellites his circle bound,
Effulgent and sublime !

With flowing skirts of fluid gold,
The downy bosom'd clouds are roll'd
Athwart th' emblazon'd void ;
Group'd wide, in pleasing phantasy,
Or scatter'd, melt unseen away,
By whisp'ring winds decoy'd.

Soft blent with all-pervading blue ;
Now tinged like the chameleon hue
As fitful and as rare ;
The shades that seraph fingers weave,
The dappled morn, and dusky eve,
And odour-winged air.

In wreathed pageant nature leads
Her poinpons swell of groves and meads,
 Her sedg'd and shadowy floods ;
Heav'n towering hills, and sweeping vales,
Cascaded glens, and wizard dales,
 And dark umbrageous woods.

Hail, Sumner, hail ! what glories wait
Around thee in ethereal state,
 To gild thy gay return !
The noteless tribes, the plumed choir,
The floral wreath, the living lyre,
 What ardent bosoms burn !

What time thou leav'st the gorgeous east,
To spread green nature's mantling feast,
 And shed her soft'ning dews,
We trace the sweet Arcadian seene,
Festoon'd with roses, gemm'd with green,
 Wide flush'd in liquid hues.

To revel in thy beaming smile,
Fair Pleasure, from her Paphian isle,
 Attends the lusty year :
Voluptuous borne on sighing gales,
Her sportive nerieds loose the sails,
 And kiss our hemisphere.

Life teems from thy creative power
Soon as thy rich resplendent dower
 Arrays the joyous earth ;
Fresh beauties rise on magic wing,
Ephemeral forms exulting spring,
 And own a second birth.

What congregated charms arise,
To form surrounding paradise,
 And crowd thy blazing throne !
The azure depth, the landscape's glow,
Afar, the sounding ocean's flow,
 And belted horizon.

How lovely in thy native showers,
How awful when thy thunder lowers
 Grim, crater-mouth'd, and wild !
So beauty thus is seen to weep—
So passion's scathing lightnings sweep
 The world, aghast recoil'd !

But Summer, I am weak in song,
To lead the glowing soul along
 Is not my envied store ;
But while devotion fires my veins,
While ardour wakes my rustic strains,
 I'm fitted to adore !

THE PRISONER'S WAIL.

BY JAMES TELFORD.

O, FATE ! in this vile gloomy dungeon thrown,
Why am I doom'd to pass my manhood's prime
Encaged in this huge labyrinth of stone ?
To count the dreary hours of dull-wing'd time,
And, more than all, this base ignoble chain
To bear, and helpless bide a tyrant's will,
Whilst its debasement through each vein doth thrill.
Here, here to writhe beneath the black'ning stain,
Which now doth well nigh rend my tortured heart in
twain !

Oh ! who can tell my anguish as I creep
Where Sol in pity pours his daily beams
Through this small grating—whilst I sit and weep,
And conjure up full many a youthful dream.
But fate, oh, ernel fate ! where now are they ?
All—all—have vanish'd from my fond control,
And steep'd in dark despair my innost soul.

O, powers almighty, which in heaven do dwell,
My arm with giant strength one moment crown,
That I may burst from this my hated cell
And to destruction hurl its fabric down.
At liberty ! (how strange the word) I'd fly
In haste to some green mountain's rising ground,
And gazing on the world that lay around,
And breathing zephyrs pure from heaven's blue sky,
Content and happy then I'd heave my latest sigh.

REFLECTIONS ON MAN.

BY CHARLES DAVLIN.

ON what is call'd the craft of creeds and kings
Conflicting cavillers may carp in vain ;
As from the putrid mass the maggot springs
Ambition bred on baseness feeds to reign,
Remove the carcase, and on stealthy wings
The disappointed vulture leaves the plain

Where erst he may have flesh'd his gory beak.

Remove the nuisance, then, whieh thus supplies
The human eormorants by whom your lot
Is render'd wretched ; let the ravenous wreak
Their wrongs where else they may for subsidies,
Where else they find the social lump to rot
And maggot in its baseness, until hurl'd
From the remotest regions of the world !

But there are rigid moral duties, whence

Our claims are justified, our rights sustain'd,
Neglect those duties, and the wrongs which thence
We suffer are retributive, ordain'd
And foster'd by ourselves ; the consequence
That we to Mammon's chariot wheels are chain'd—
The blatant multitude, the self-enslaved,
The scoff'd and jeer'd, the baited and befool'd—
The stuff of which is moulded every form
Of rule that fraud or folly e'er conceiv'd,
Or hell devised in torture to the ruled ;
The cause is in ourselves, however storm
The malcontents—the pest will perish when
The suffering mass is moulded into men.

Ere man was ruled by delegated powers,

The mountain was his monarchy, the wood

His homestead and his hopes, of blissful bowers
To slaves and sycophants not understood,
By freedom sweeten'd were his fruits and flowers ;
His playmate and his pride, by field and flood,
Was heaven-born Liberty ; his short-lived care
She strangled as it came, or cast it forth
To perish in the wild from whence he drew
His hardy frame's uncomplicated farc.
While yet untaught the soil's proportion'd worth,
The earth was bountiful, his wants were few,
Till damn'd with a desire to have and hold
The subterranean curse of cavern'd gold.

A change came o'er the race, at Plutus' shrine
Minerva blush'd such prostrate groups to see
Around the flaming altar ; how condign
The goddess shriek'd, your penalty shall be !
Though Jove withhold his thunder, yet your line
For many an age shall suffer, so decree
The fates offended. Now to force and fraud
You furnish date. Now have ye rear'd a ram
To batter down such bastions as your need
In future time shall warrant, while you laud
And lick the hand that beats you, not the lamb
In feeble contact with the wolf shall bleed,
Nor less resisting from the knife shall fall
Than men, in millions from this interval.

The war-ery burst upon the stilly night
In after ages, the prediction dread
Was more than verified, and in affright
Security and peacee together fled
Far from the haunts of men, and Luna's light
Of silver sheen was subsequently shed
Oft o'er the crimson carnage-covered plain ;
Where, sleeping in their glory and their gore,
Ten thousand corses strew'd, gave the gaunt wolf
His unrestricted meal ; now and again
The vultnre's startling scream, attaching more
Of horror to the scene : and thus the gulf
Of hell subserving war, with ravening roar
Entomb'd its millions, while each death implied
Nor less than that a murderer had died !

Deluded men ! who wield the scorpion lash
Whence writh your mangled feelings—whence
array'd
The tyrant's armament—whence comes the crash
Of immolating war ? without your aid
Such things had never been. The nitrous flash
The death-wing'd bullet and the gory blade
From you their desolating force derive ;
You work the vile machine which renders life
The wretched thing it is, and blindly make
The manacles that bind you ; while your hive

Still drone-infested, famine, faction, strife,
And terror-struck shall be, while you mistake
The cause for the effect, and thence endure
The self-inflicted wrongs you still deeline to cure.

Yet still be comforted, ye sons of eare,
Since that which governs matter is the mind ;
Though selfish inappropriations bear
 Hard on your helplessness, still as a kind
Bequest of heaven, behold each movement rare
 Of science in advanee ; not far behind
Shall dawn a brighter day, when diseord shall
 Have ceased to darken the bright hemisphere,
Nor sighs nor eurses longer load the breeze.
 Anon a second Iris once for all
Shall span the vault of heaven ; nor more the tear
By destitution throned upon disease,
 By ruthless famine wrung, shall sadly start
With the last life drop of a broken heart.

The world's millennial morning is no dream
 Of faney's fair creation ; every cline
From Ganges to the Poles shall hail the stream
 Of all-redeeming science ! care and erime
Subverting as it flows, while blessings teem
 In rieh profusion from the womb of time.

At length elicited from mind alone,
All conquering, all comprehensive mind,
Shall give a new direction to the tide
Of the affairs of men, till there be known,
Nor slave, nor tyrant, on the earth to bind
Or bear the bonds due to the homicide
Of self-respect ; a tyrant merely rates
In rank, as number his subordinates.

—
AUTUMNAL SONNETS.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

WHEN we have pass'd beyond life's middle arch,
With what accelerated speed the years
Seem to flit by us, sowing hopes and fears
As they pursue their never-ceasing march !
But is our wisdom equal to the speed
Which brings us nearer to that shadowy bourne,
Whence we must never, never more return ?
Alas ! the thought is wiser than the deed !
" We take no note of time but from its loss,"
Sang one who reason'd solemnly and well ;
And so it is, we make that dowry dross
Which would be treasure, did we learn to quell
Vain dreams and passions. Wisdom's alchemy
Transmutes to priceless gold the moments as they fly.

It seems but yesterday that merry Spring
Leapt o'er the lea ; whilst clustering round her feet
Sprang buds and blossoms, beautiful and sweet,
And her glad voice made wood and welkin ring.
Now Autumn lords it o'er the quiet lands,
Like Joseph, clad in many-colour'd vest,
Flinging great largess from his bounteous hands,
And calling upon man to be his guest ;
Like Joseph, he dispenses needful corn,
And fruitage, too, of many a goodly tree,
So that we may not feel ourselves forlorn,
Pining for sustenance at Nature's knee.
Corn, wine, and oil ! there's music in the sound !
Oh, would that none might lack, when such blest gifts
abound !

Not yet is Autumn desolate and cold,
For all his woods are kindling into hues
Of gorgeous beauty, mix'd and manifold,
Which in the soul a kindred glow transfuse.
The stubble fields gleam out, like tarnish'd gold,
In the chaste lustre of the temperate day ;
And where the ethereal ocean is unroll'd,
Loose clouds, like barks of silver, float alway.

Nor is he voiceless ; through the forest leaves
The winds make music, as they come and go ;
Whispers the withering brake ; the streamlet grieves,
Or seems to grieve, with a melodious woe ;
Whilst in soft notes, which o'er the heart prevail,
The rosy-breasted robin pours his tender tale.

Thus the dear seasons ever roll and run
Into each other, like that are of light,
Born of the shower, and colour'd by the sun,
Which spans the heavens, when April skies are
bright.

First comes green-kirtled Spring, who leadeth on
Blue-mantled Summer, of maturer age,
Sultana of the year ! When she is gone,
Gold-girdled Autumn, tranquil as a sage,
Reigns for a time, and on earth's ample page,
Illumined by his hand, writes—" Plenty here ! "
Then white-cowl'd Winter steps upon the stage,
Like aged monk, cold, gloomy, and austere ;
But he whose soul sustains no cloud nor thrall
Perceives power, beauty, good, and fitness in them all !



TO CLARISSA.

BY A. HENDERSON.

CLARISSA ! I am lone,
And sickness preys on me,
My simple joys are flown,
For ever, ever gone.
Ah ! tell how this can be ;
For this disease has grown
Since I first look'd on thee.

Day comes to claim a sigh,
And leaves delusive night
To mock the swimming eye
With visions sweeping by
In heaven's resplendent light,
Where thou art blushing nigh
E'en in my burning sight.

How fleeting and how fair
Is love's voluptuous dream,
Where seraphs wing the air
And float their dewy hair
On Glory's sapphire beam,
And snowy feet repair
To pleasure's azure stream !

This bosom lately beat
To mirth's fantastic shell,
While frolic's agile feet
Advancing to retreat
Obey'd the mystic spell,
Now torture's horrid seat
Vindictive, grim, and fell.

E'en music's duleet call,
That lull's the brood of care,
Though hail'd in grove and hall
But swells my sense to pall ;
Save when its saddest air
In agonizing fall
Awakes me to despair.

Clarissa, favour'd name !
Baptized in fonts above,
Oh kindly view my flame
And melting own the same
In all-consuming love.
Make answer to my claim
A meek responding dove.

Then as the heavens glow
O'er continent and sea,
So shall my manhood throw
Its lustre o'er thy brow
And centre all in thee :
While all our moments flow
In sweet felicity.

LOVE AND ABSENCE.

BY H. DIXON.

CANST thou so soon forget
The swain who loved thee well ?
Or does his memory yet
Within thy bosom dwell ?
Tell, oh tell !

If absence now allays
 The flame that burn'd for him,
 How fickle is its blaze !

A lamp love cannot trim :—

Cold and dim.

Perhaps thy heart misgives
 In giving passion play ;
 Or if that passion lives,
 The frown of prudence may
 Chill its sway.

Or could thy heart suspect
 That he requites thy love
 With sterile cold neglect,
 As false as fauns that rove
 Through the grove ;

Ah ! then, thou never knew
 The ardour of his soul,
 That burn'd alone for you,
 And proudly spurn'd control ;
 Thine in whole.

But though his name should not
 Be breathed by thee again,
 Thine ne'er shall be forgot
 While memory can retain
 Power to reign !

Entwined with glowing scenes,
Thy form is brightest there ;
Though distance intervenes,
A prospect still so fair
Sweetens care.

SONG OF THE CUCKOO.

BY THOMAS NICHOLSON.

I COME ! I come ! with joyous wing,
The welcome songster of the spring,
When sunbeams flit the meadows round,
And cowslip bells do there abound,
And native woodland minstrels clear
Sing—‘ hail the merry opening year ! ’
In mellow symphony I chime,
And every word I sing is rhyme :
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !

When to and fro, on fresh green lawns,
The children skip, like wanton fawns,
The first sweet syllable I drop
How soon their merry sport will stop ;

' Oh hush ! oh hush ! I surely heard
The singing of the cuckoo bird ; '
Deep from the woods I sweetly chime,
And every word I sing is rhyme :

Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !

At Whitsuntide gay people stray
To take their country holiday,
They hear my voice, and round they beat,
To find me in my snug retreat ;
They follow sound—oh, what a jest,
To see them east, when I am west !
Though at sweet intervals I chime,
And every word I sing is rhyme :

Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !

But ere the forest leaves are sere,
E'en in the heyday of the year,
I do not deign to stop too long,
Lest mine become a common song ;
But gaily take the truant wing
In other ears my notes to sing,
With other voices sweet to chime,
For every word I sing is rhyme :

Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !

WHEN NATIONS AFAR.

BY GEORGE RICHARDSON.

WHEN nations afar shook with rapine and war,
And terror and anarchy reign'd ;
Thou still wert the same—land of Freedom and Fame,
And thy homesteads from blood were unstain'd.

Oh thine was the power, in mercy's sweet hour,
Triumphant to speed o'er the wave ;
And thine to revoke the tyrannous yoke,
And to ransom the indigent slave.

I hail thee, dear land ! with a love for thy strand,
Where the press and religion are free !
And thy temples abound, shedding knowledge around,
Giving grandeur, dear England, to thee !

There's a frank honest part, in an Englishman's heart,
A truth kindred minds will revere ;
There is joy on his hearth, 'mid the dear ties of earth,
And a welcome the stranger to cheer.

Humility reigns in thy valleys and plains,
And beauty by streamlet and cot ;
But greater than wealth are the fresh hues of health,
With contentment, the peasant's chief lot.

When Science refined, with Art was combined,
Thy palace of wonder was rear'd !
When from each distant pole—one people in soul—
All nations in concord appear'd !

Then prosper, my land, let us join heart and hand,
That discord and tyranny cease !
May thy rulers long deign that justice may reign,
And bless thee for ages with peace !

ODE TO TIME.

BY CHARLES DAVLIN.

'TWAS night, and somewhat dark, the hour was late,
A trifle out of tune, as lone I sat
To coax the midnight muse, to carp at fate,
Or twist a thread from something, but from what
I knew not, till reflecting that the date
Was to be changed from twenty-nine to that
Of thirty, when in metaphoric rhyme
I thus accosted silver-bearded Time.

Almighty potentate of earth and sea !
Whose all-creative, all-subversive power,
Thy deep womb'd mother, wide eternity,
Can limit only ; thou whose grasp secure
As fate, spares no distinction or degree,
The lowly cottage and the lofty tower
Must yield alike to thee, whose hand robust
E'en rocks and mountains crumbles into dust.

Long wave thy white locks to the wild winds hoarse,
O'er peopled region and o'er trackless void,
O'er states and empires, with resistless force,
Spurning at once humility and pride.
Nor crowns nor coronets shall stay thy course,
Or check thy rebel hand of regicide,
Which foul'd with e'en the slaughter of a toad,
Both clutches and uncrowns the royal clod.

Oh thou, whose reign commenced with the beginning,
Ere the first sun had gilded Adam's corn,
Or far-famed Paradise was lost by sinning,
And wicked millions consequently born ;
Ere thou beheldest such unequal spinning
In winding up life's clue of motley yarn,
Whence justice, yielding worth its proper place,
Had dash'd the crazy wheel in fortune's face.

Forbearance fails me, when a trifle cool'd,
I would be, will be civiller, no doubt ;
But say what pupil by disaster school'd,
Has ever like myself been kieck'd about ?
If by some star my pilgrimage be ruled,
Would that the twinkling planet had gone out,
Ere at my birth an evil-boding blaze
Announeed the dark, bleak winter of my days.

It grieves me not that competence is given
To those at whom black want may seowl in vain,
Nor do I murmur that I am deriven
From honest toil's hereditary train.
But what dull wretch may passively be driven
To famine's brink, there bootlessly to strain
His latest nerve, life's comforts to procure,
Now pillaged, now contemn'd, for being poor.

Oh thou, I say, why come such things to pass ?
Yet can I blame thee ? no—no fault is thine ;
Thy business being but to turn thy glass,
And murder millions on the old design.
Though mighty as a conqueror, alas !
Ere thou couldst change this froward fate of mine,
My latest sand must sink ; when, thanks to thee,
Thy last stern mandate bids me cease to be.

Great revolutionist throughout the vast
Immeasurable universe ! to thee
I murmur no complainings of the past,
Couldst thou in future somewhat kinder be ;
To name no trick of brevity thou hast
In meting out the world's mortality,
Though e'en in this there are who cry thee shame,
My views involve a nobler end and aim.

Teach man to shun the curse of social strife,
Whate'er his boast of colour, creed, or clime ;
Show forth what blessings, exquisite as rife,
Flow from benevolence, remote from crime ;
Till closing thence his pleasing dream of life,
In hope and rectitude alike sublime,
He scans his last calm citadel, the grave,
Mild as the moonlit deep unruffled by a wave.

Do this, and those to whom we all must bend
The neck, however hostile to control ;
Thou whose dominion duly doth extend
To every world alike, from pole to pole ;
Though livid lightnings flash, though earthquakes rend,
Volcanoes burst, and threatening thunders roll,
With progress unimpeded still sweep on,
Through thee, the work of destiny be done.

Child of eternity ! another year
Hangs now suspended o'er that gulf—the past—
Whence nothing shall return ; that sepulchre,
The charnel house of all beneath the vast
Empyrean vault of heaven, where rank or sphere
Distinguish'd are no more, as first or last,
To move in mighty or in lowly mien ;
Nay moulder must their page of having been.

And when, at thy all-withering behest,
The grave's grim monarch bids me cease to sing,
And lay my rude harp by ; while, though undress'd
With minstrel bays, be my green covering
Refresh'd with summer dews, and while I rest,
Be theirs the task, thy bards of bolder string,
To humanize the world with song sublime,
I humbly seek my straw—good night, old Time !



THE BALLAD GIRL.

BY JAMES TELFORD.

OH hark to that voice, which so wild and so sweet,
Re-echoes with sadness the lone silent street,
So shrill like the wail of a grief-laden mind,
Borne on by each gust of the rude wintry wind.
'Tis the poor Ballad Girl ! how thinly now clad
That form which in youth all a mother's care had ;
And 'neath her torn beaver, contrasted how fair
Beam forth her pale features and dark raven hair !
But in one still so young how sad 'tis to trace,
The mark of that sorrow no time can efface ;
For her health it is wasted, her glances are wild,
And she roams through the world a poor heart-broken
child.

But, ah ! where are they, who in infancy's days,
Taught her soft voice to warble such heart-thrilling lays ?
Alas, they are gone ! 'neath the churchyard's dark sod
They have pass'd, and fulfill'd the decrees of their God.
Oh, lowly they're laid 'neath that small earthy mound
Where, bitterly weeping, that girl is oft found.
For she sighs for the time and she welcomes the day,
When her spirit to meet them will hasten away ;
For this world it is cold, and no pitying eye
Can claim from her lone heart one earth-binding tie.

HOME.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

LET us honour the gods of the household alway,
Love ever the hearth and its graces,
The spot where serenely and cheerfully play
The smiles of familiar faces ;
Where the calm tender tones of affection are heard,
Where the child's gladsome carol is ringing,
Where the heart's best emotions are quicken'd, and
stirr'd
By the founts that are inwardly springing.

Oh, what are the charms of the banquet-hour glee,
And the words of frivolity spoken,
To the holier joys 'neath our quiet roof-tree,
When the compact of love is unbroken ?
Not the selfish delight, the obstreperous mirth,
Not the glare of conventional splendour,
May compare with the spells that encircle the hearth,
If it hold but the true and the tender.

Too long 'mid the gay revel's profitless scene,
The weak one may foolishly linger,
Where false pleasure lures him with treacherous mien,
And holds him with magical finger ;
But he who has wisdom to baffle the snare,
Clings close to his home, and how dearly !
Fond feelings, kind looks, are in store for him there,
And gentle words utter'd sincerely.

Howsoever the spirit may struggle and fret
In the conflict of worldly commotion,
There's a solace to soothe and to strengthen us yet,
If home have our truest devotion ;
It needeth not hall, nor palatial dome,
To afford us a refuge so holy ;
To the loving and pure any roof is a home,
Be it ever so narrow and lowly.

And home, when it *is* home, sounds sweet in our ears,
For it speaks of our heart-cherish'd treasure ;
'Tis a word which beguiles us of tenderest tears,
Or thrills us with tranquillest pleasure ;
It prompts us to set rude enjoyments at nought,
It chastens our speech and demeanour,
It nerves us to action, awakes us to thought,
And makes our whole being serener.

Dear home, rightly guarded and graeed, is a soil
Where the virtues are constantly growing ;
'Tis a sanetified shelter, the guerdon of toil,
A thonsand calm blessings bestowing.
Home, country, humanity ! Heav'n ! how they please !
Things leaving all else at a distance !
Who lends a true soul, does his duty to these,
Fulfils the best ends of existenee !

FALL OF THE LEAF IN BIRKENHEAD
PRIORY.

BY RICHARD WRIGHT PROCTER.

I'VE cross'd the wave to mnse with thee,
Grey lingerer of antiquity !
I've cross'd the wave,
From time's creations new and cold,
To commune with mute spirits old.
In yon sea-grave
The glorions sun has ceased to rove,
And silence, wedded to sweet eve,
Brings comfort to warm hearts that love—
Worn hearts that grieve :

Nature's best influence reigns around,
And this was once deem'd holy ground.
Yet joy's gay children, wandering near,

Court not thine shrine,
Nor share the blessed spirit-sph're
That now is mine.

Strange must they be to that great power,
That soother of the bard's lone hour,
Which verdure-crowns earth's blighted spot,
And life reveals where life is not.

Old haven of long-vanish'd shades,
Wreck of five hundred years,
How swift man's poor ambition fades,
His feverish hopes and fears,
While dreaming o'er thy fate and form,
And his—creation's lord and worm !
Ten thousand leaves are strown around,
To crumble, piecemeal, on the ground ;

Time drives them forth :
Some brown and sear—some green appear,
As when young Spring, with beauty crown'd,
First gave them birth ;
But all descend to parent earth,
Their brief reign o'er :
Each tree, new deck'd, may flourish wild,
To glad the soul of nature's child,
But leaves—no more !

Low, fluttering sounds steal on my ear,
Like whispering hope, or startled fear ;
Life's foe and mine is labouring near,
And whistling flies his viewless dart,
Each falling leaf a slaughter'd heart.

Truth needs no tone !

This, blanch'd and sear, depicts age,

That sinks, alone :

These speak of childhood's fairy stage,
When all is gold on life's rich page,

When even death

In mercy to the fond hearts riven,

Leaves both the hope and bloom of heaven,

For such sweet breath.

Whilst lingering on this rude worn stile,
Dear rustic charm, that lends a smile

To town-bred pain ;

Thoughts, old as truth,

Yet hale and vigorous as youth,

O'ererowd my brain.

Yes ! though the oracles that stirr'd

Dull millions with the prophet-word,

May perish from the searching eye,
Thought, like the fabled Eastern bird,

Disdains to die ;

But soothes on earth the nobly just,
While incense from its saered dust
 Mates with the sky !
Great Nature, through thy boundless plan,
Thou'rt just to all ; the leaf, the man,
The wilding flower ; all have their hour,
 Then vanish—where ?
Where are the realms oncee Nature's care ?
 We stole like shadows o'er them ;
And worlds that spring on Time's fleet wing
 Sweep us before them.

The day hath faded from thee ; night
Creeps o'er thee with her mellowing light,
And rarely will her queen espy,
 Or dawn reveal,
A softer seene to mind's chaste eye,
 A sadder for the heart to feel.
High o'er thy sides, deep in thy cells,
The ivy green in beauty dwells ;
And shields thee, with its clustering form,
From many a beam, from many a storm.
Bless'd be the friend who faithful stays
And guards when every hope deeays ;
Who soothes when nature's doom appears,
And haunts the spot our dust endears.
Though brief thy train, and small thy sphere,
Still, death has housed rich harvest near ;

But those proud bays have left his brow,
So wide the space 'tween then and now ;
Oh ! Time has hush'd Death's victor-cheer,
Since that gannt reaper flourish'd here ;
Each learned and each homely scroll,
Hic jacet, and *Here lies inurn'd*,
Have moulder'd with the loved and mourn'd.
Thank God for thee, undying soul !
Heir to pure realms by faith unfurl'd,
Afar from this ephemeral world.
The towering pile that decks thy side,
Is graeeful in its modern pride ;
And hundreds press its seats in prayer
Who yield to thee nor thought nor care ;
But sooner would my breast record
Its hopes and frailties to its Lord,
Whilst kneeling upon knee-worn ground,
Than eushion'd where new aisles surround :
For every thing the earth doth hold,
The white-hair'd sire, and turret bold,
E'en God's bless'd fanes on sacred mould,
Seem purer, holier, when they're old.
Like thine own ivy, whilst I stay,
My young heart loves thy stern decay ;
And memory, to this brief sojourn,
When far my steps have pass'd away,
Will sweetly turn.

FROM A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER
ON HER MARRIAGE.

BY M. ROSS.

HAPPY be thy life-lot, child,
In another's promised care,
May thy sun that always smiled
Always smile on thee as fair.

May no sorrow thee betide
On thy onward path of life ;
Wearing beauty in the bride,
Wear thou virtue in the wife.

Ever call to mind the past—
Memory ! that healing balm ;
Seek contentment in the blast,
Grateful with returning calm.

Nerve thy young heart to endure
Trials, none escape with fear ;
Joy, like health, is never sure,
Courage stays the truant tear.

Hope for peace to cheer thy hearth,
 Brightest comforter of youth ;
Gold is worthless, if its worth
 Is prized above love, peace, and truth.

Who must sweetest friendship get,
 Must such friendship ever give ;
Our faults we may ourselves forget,
 With others fruitfully they live.

The earth is cold and dead to all
 Who are themselves but dead and cold,
Who clothe with universal pall
 The beauty that the great behold.

Be constant, and thy husband's smile
 Shall warm thy heart unto its core ;
And plenty shall reward thy toil
 From its abundant, varied store.

Unto thy new home, daughter, go ;
 My benison thou hast : adieu !
Live well in purity, that so
 Thy end will offer peace to you.



AUTUMN.

BY WILLIAM REID.

SWEET AUTUMN ! in thy pensive mood,
I love to meet thee still,
In lone sequester'd solitude
Prone o'er the babbling rill ;
Or list'ning the enamour'd thrill
That swells the bowering glen,
Or where the curlew's clamour shrill
Breaks from the marshy fen.

Fit haunts for thee ! whose laurell'd brow
Must soon resign to fate,
The honour'd spoils that wreathè it now
In dignity of state ;
Ah, soon the howling blast shall wait
On winter's hoary chief,
To riot on thy little date,
Embitter'd, dark, and brief.

All, all must sink in desert gloom ;
But ere thy glories fade
Thy tints shall rival summer's bloom,
Thy beams illume the shade ;
The trophied year in pride display'd
Thy cavalcade adorn,
And Ceres swell the gay parade
With Plenty's teeming horn.

E'en now o'er all the fair expanse,
Illum'd by floods of light,
I see thy fairy troop advance
In line of order bright ;
One leads the starry mantled night,
Faint shot with languid beams,
Where dim descried the mountains height
Nods o'er the sleeping streams.

And one attired in misty wreath
Unveils the blushing dawn,
Pale gleaming on the purple heath,
Or 'thwart the smoky lawn ;
The lazy lumb'ring clouds withdrawn,
Sol mounts in gorgeous sheen ;
While rousing swift the bounding fawn
Inhales the blue serene.

Lo ! full before the eager pack
The stag affrighted flies,
The startled echoes thunder back
The huntsman's deep'ning cries ;
And see the wheeling covey rise,
Upborne on whirring wing,
Where near the lurking fowler lies
And subtle pointers spring.

But dearer to the studious mind
To mark the plumed host,
Expectant wait the favouring wind
That sweeps far Tangier's coast ;
And see the doubling swallows lost
In labyrinthine coil,
In airy evolution tost
To test their wings the while.

The plover and the noisy quail
Gulp down their morning fare ;
And downward through the sounding vale
Soft steals the timid hare ;
And hooded crows in middle air
Float past—a sable train,
With flocks that crop the herbage bare,
And herds upon the plain.

Stretch'd wide to tempt the stealthy foot,
Fair Eden's treasures lie ;
The orchard, hung with luscious fruit,
Allures the vagrant eye.
Insidious apples, pendant high,
Hang dubious o'er the earth,
With laden plum-trees blooming nigh,
And peaches' sweeter birth.

Green vistas point the sylvan walk
For love's ecstatic rove,
Where fond hearts beat to tender talk,
Or list the cooing dove ;
Reelined in arbours ivy wove,
While swells upon the ear,
Sad pealing through the rustling grove
The requiem of the year.

Farewell, sweet Autumn ! we must part ;
But while this breast shall heave,
Thy smile will light my lonely heart,
Though faithless friends deceive ;
As falls thy meteor-gleaming eve,
And nature shrinks aghast,
While through thy sered and yellow leaf
Hoarse swells the hollow blast.

THE SPIDER.

BY CHARLES DAVLIN.

In such an age of learning and of song,
Who dares the risk of such untutor'd skill
As mine, might be adjudged to madly long
To taste the critic's all correcting thong,

A fool confirm'd, while roves his random quill
Attesting folly, such as fitly fails
To feel the punishment it thence entails.

We may in some sort merit what we name,
The lash of the enlighten'd ; let it come !
Nor shall less vigorously glow the flame
Enkindled by the muse, nor honest fame
Be less attainable, less wish'd for from
The check judiciously and fairly dealt,
But feel more competent than erst we felt.

Give me the manly fellow who would raise
His voice in loud hostility, before
The snake who, to assassinate my lays,
Would seek to damn me with a spiee of praise,
And some slight wonderment that somewhat more
Should have escaped my pen, than well might be
Suspected from a songster such as *me*.

Here we dispense with grammar; true, but then
One's closing couplet needs a decent rhyme,
And when one cannot furnish both, and when
One does their best, nine judges out of ten
Would deem as no great literary crime
A license thus poetically taken,
To save one's jingle, rather than one's baeon.

Such be the saerifice, but as I said
Give me the daylight ruffian, whose assault
May be unjust, tyrannical, and made
To murder one's pretensions to the trade
Of rhyme, before the seeret, mildly, fault
Insinuating slave, whose rising scheme
Is sinking others in the world's esteem.

Yes, he who (no one knows with what regret)
Sees many faults, as learnedly he thumbs
The page he means to burthen with a debt
Of lenity unbribed, though oft we let
Such goodness go unnoticed when it comes ;
Though e'en the oracle may have been led
To say ‘the thing if publish'd, might be read.’

My list of many specimens affords
Another sort cf fly, that feeds on sores ;
The noisy swaggerer, whose choice of words
Is such as most consistently accords
To screen his cripple thoughts, as out of doors
Thus blanketed they rush, and thus defy
The keenest powers in point of scrutiny.

Deem not the viper impotent because
'Tis vile and despicable, viper stings
Are sometimes mortal ; he who loves applause
He knows not how to merit, often draws
The secret knife, while envy lends him wings
To aim a thrust at every slender claim
Of those, who 'tempt to tread the paths of fame.

And how intolerable 'tis to bear
The deafening prattle of a thing like this!
Who, taking under his especial care
Your management of style, and every where
Denouncing vaguely what he deems amiss,
The vulgar thence to stagger with surprise
At such astounding capabilities.

Take not, as indiseriminately thrown,
These gentle hints, which may be rather thrust
Upon your notices, nor think me grown
Litigious; no, I wish it to be known
The competent and critically just
I duly venerate, and merely blame
The would-be eritie of dishonest fame.

'Twas night, and cold, bleak January wind
Was hoarsely howling, and the driving snow
My paper easement patter'd, and my mind
Was wrapt in meditation of a kind
Which made a melancholy change of woe;
Yet still it was a change, and change to me
Were well preferr'd to dull monotony.

I thought upon myself, I thought upon
Society in general, I thought
I heard th' adjacent village clock strike one,
And much was yet to do ere I had done;
A pass to which a weaver may be brought
Full oft, alas! when on his piece depends
His Sunday's dinner; weavers have few friends!

My fate was to continue through the night
To plod at my vocation, or to feel
The stated consequence; which in despite
My noblest efforts, nearly was the plight
In which the morning found me, had my zeal
But flagg'd the least, old Time had won the race,
And pull'd a luckless length my Sunday face.

But I'm before my tale; the village clock
As I have said, struck one, and all around
Had sunk to rest, when I essay'd to knock
The ashes from my pipe, the lessen'd stock
Of my tobacco, too, did somewhat wound
My peace, for yet 'twas very long till day,
And little left to puff my cares away.

And I weaving solus, briskly blowing
In fine fantastic wreaths of cirelet blue
The care-consuming weed around, we'l knowing
That while the night was somewhat shorter growing,
My box would yield another blast or two,
When from above, descending in his might,
A noxious spider burst upon my sight.

A strange aversion ever has been mine
To this vile insect ; loathing, hate, and fear
Possess me, from no motive to malign
The nasty thing, but from, as I opine,
Some strange affection of the nerve, but here
Flags my philosophy ; a chill came o'er me,
When thus I hail'd the little wretch before me.

Avaunt, thou dusky, devilish-looking creature !
Of all the noxious animals that crawl
The peopled elements, earth, air, and water,
Hold nothing half so loathsome to my nature ;
Thou multIFOOTed monster of the wall
I cannot brook thee ; henee, or by the grace
Of Him who made us both, I'll leave the place !

Voracious vermin, wilt thou still obtrude
On human vision? fearless of thy fall!
Bear hence those gory fangs, so oft imbrued
In blood of innocence: hence! be less rude,
Go skulk and prowl in corners of the wall.
Thy baleful body some loathed power retains
Which makes the life-stream curdle in my veins.

Away! vile thing of my peculiar hate,
Go tick the death-watch, ply thy baleful loom;
Hence, vile assassin! warranted by fate
With tiger's lust of blood, elsewhere await
Thy victims of entanglement and doom.
Go where thou wilt, so that the shades impall
Thy fearful frame, fell monster of the wall.

And yet thou movest not, but at thine ease,
A common right possession seem'st to claim;
Those living stilts which emulate the breeze,
Those frightful gibbet-posts of crooked knees,
Whence hangs suspended thy detested frame,
Seem now inert alike to good and thrall;
Would I could kill thee, monster of the wall.

Not that I dread thy devastating power
(Thou four-eyed fiend, thy fangs are much too small)
As dreads the fly in thy polluted bower;
Which, when entrapp'd, thou poison'st to devour,
Thou multIFOOTed monster of the wall;
Nor were thy movements more amongst the quick,
But that I loathe to touch thee with a stick.

Methinks I hear thine ugliness reply—
I would thou wert an insect doom'd to fall
Within my trammels, without power to fly,
Thou shouldst conceive me shortly, by the by,
A multIFOOTed monster of the wall!
For, by the lanky legs that bear my frame,
Thy blood should serve to verify the name!

Thou vaunting, upright, intellectual worm,
Did not one Parent propagate us all?
I less infringe the limits of decorum
Than thou, who basely epithet'st my form—
The multIFOOTed monster of the wall.
May costiveness consume thee to a crust!
Than I, what art thou more? mere child of dust!

To speak professionally, all that's in it,
Thou canst not meet me, science, arts, and all,
Whate'er might be the wager I should win it,
That you make no such wool, and weave and spin it,
As tents my curtain'd corners of the wall ;
Not as an idle boaster to upbraid
With clumsyness, my brethren of the trade.

It seems my mode of life disturbs thy feelings,
That I regale myself at nature's call
By clutching wanton grubs on dusty ceilings,
Drunk with regardless gambols, windings, reelings,
On window frames or corners of the wall.
Go, tell your worshipp'd warriors of renown,
I but bereave of life to save my own.

From this my plea, lest thou shouldst waive the hint,
I would from wilful apathy recall
Thy vaunted, vast perceptions ; but, by dint
Of facts too palpable to look asquint,
While branding thus the monster of the wall,
Whose frame must fail to furnish all excuse
For thee to give, or him to bear abuse.

To say thou canst not kill, were idle sham,
Though breeding bids me call thee not a liar;
With whatsoever thou might'st people cram,
The odds were not the bleating of a ram
Betwixt the trading butcher and the buyer.

Methinks from the meek lamb, fresh from the block,
A cutlet would thy gentle jaws unlock.

A savoury capon, or a partridge plump,
Or the sweet salmon, choicer of ocean bred;
Would not thy tender heart with gladness jump
To taste a steak more tender from the rump
Of some fat bullock that had lately bled?
To question thus provoked, in justice I
May claim a candid and a calm reply.

Were I to thee as toothsome as the pullet,
As trifling as thy pity were my chancie;
Or some ethereal victim of the bullet,
A hurling headlong down thy darksome gullet,
'Twould much, in estimate, my worth enhancie;
Though not like Jonah, guzzled by the whale,
Should I survive to tell the wondrous tale.

O'er all between the mammoth and the shrew
Since man's assumption of decided reign,
All the voracious birds that ever flew,
With all the monstrous, midnight howling crew,
Ne'er spread such devastation o'er the plain
As man ! for better evidence retrace
The deep-dyed annals of the human race.

Talk not of blood—the lust of fame alone
Hath crimson'd all the earth, and made the green
Sward gory ! Wheresoever man was known
Has war's pollution tainted ; far outgone
By him the fabled furies long have been.
Dream on the havoc glory's name involves,
To banquet screaming cormorants and wolves.

Talk not of blood—the murders of thy race
Might lend at least some influence to check
Thy ravings vile, while shame, that blushless face
Had clothed in crimson, less to thy disgrace
Than others thus brow-beating at the beck
Of blind, besotted self-sufficiency,
Which but befools thy wretched race and thee.

'Tis true we craftsmen of the silken thread
That glitters in the sunbeam, may not know
What intellect implies ; that which is said
To make mankind, with high erected head,
Assume the god or demon here below,
As policy or pride may move the revel
To play the part of deity or devil.

But simply judging from the ways of all
The biped family of word and wit,
One might conceive the bargain of the fall
Of Adam not a good one ; though to call
It bad, were less for me than those who split
Their hairs of difference, as best they can
About the stumbling, stupid fall of man.

Doth reason teach the human race to prize
This life's enjoyment as the end of life,
And manufacture thus, the destinies
Of the contributors of wealth, 'mid cries
Of want, to spend their hapless days in strife
And cares unspeakable, while they who give
Nor time nor toil, in wealth and splendour live ?

Endow'd with reason though thy race may be,
What joys have thence resulted, on the whole
What share of happiness to thine and thee
Hath fortune dealt? But couldst thou see
The miseries of man from pole to pole,
To what conclusions wouldest thou then be brought
In reference to his vaunted powers of thought?

What boots to thee that measurement of mind,
To which exclusively thy race may hold
No very candid claim; I feel inclined
To doubt its vast importance, since we find
Such wrongs prevail. In short, should I unfold
My honest thoughts, I must in candour say
Man's social movements little sense betray.

Say, canst thou tell me how it comes to pass
That those who labour not, monopolize
The world's abundance, while the stupid class
(Of which thou makest a unit) starve *en masse*,
That wealth-accumulating drones may rise
From off their shoulders, spurning, when in power,
The mammoth mass of baseness whence they tower?

In making cloths pray tell me how it haps
That thou art nearly naked, shivering here
In wretchedness and rags, while other chaps
Who furnish nothing, through life's longest lapse
Have food and raiment plenty, from the fear
Of want afar removed ; can such things be
The moral fruits of famed philosophy ?

'Twere hard to teach, that harmony and trust,
To each and all essential to the weal ;
Till that which makes all selfishness unjust
Be better known, and shunn'd with due disgust,
Shall man in every effort to unseal
The book of bliss but fail, whate'er his will,
He lives a mere delusion hunter still.

In quest of happiness, he makes no slight
Mistake in seeking to promote his views
From an infringement on his fellows' right ;
Holding himself, to Lucifer, the light,
He never fails such feelings to diffuse
As furnish hate or friendship, most untrue
In all with whom his movements have to do.

And what, the paltry gain for which he makes
Such sacrifice of sympathy and love?
How mean the vile advantages he takes,
And how invaluable the bond he breaks
'Twixt man and man, let reckless malice prove.
While in a ratio with each moral sin
Becomes more limited his peace within.

The source whence such prevailing evils spring,
Is not that selfishness, which seems to sway
Mankind, by those improper means to bring
About that bliss, his folly serves to wing
As far remote from him ; this sovereign clay
Of creatures, whose condition to improve,
You must with want, all fears of want remove.

Hate, envy, jealousy, revenge, and ruth,
Must be cast forth, and superseded by
Hope, charity, benevolence, and truth ;
Virtues, which glibly pass from mouth to mouth.
But little practised in society.
When mankind face to face are kindly known
Each by the other, to possess but one.

How, when by fortune and by friends deserted,
Hast thou in moody melancholy sigh'd
That soon thou mightest sleep with the departed ;
And backwards as thy heavy thoughts reverted,
Wept that in infancy thou hadst not died !
When death had closed thy cares in fortune's strife,
Had syren hope not soothed thee back to life.

And thus it is with thousands, thus hath been
Through bygone ages ; all of which is known
The slightest trace, nay all that lies between
Fate's curtain and the past, would serve I ween,
Yet still, to render more distinctly, shown
Those bans, which seem entail'd on human breath,
Of discord, dark depravity, and death.

Emolument, prerogative, and power,
Lure men to Mammon's and to Moloch's shrine
In sheer contempt of justice, and the lower
Of heaven's suspended wrath ; and proudly tower
Above the sister virtues, whose divine
Ascendancy, shrinks to their hell-born sway,
Which long hath seem'd to hold e'en heaven at bay.

There is a magic in the name of gold,
Which rough-shod rides dominion o'er the test
Of even-handed Justice; whose untold
And execrable influence shall hold
A dark, indomitable reign, unblest,
Till Time, the famine-stricken million learns
The social conduct of their own concerns.

There is a wizard influence in all
That bears the stamp of coinage, which empowers
And tempts cupidity to work the fall
Of virtue, in each effort to instal
A wrong-redressing conscience, though the showers
Of heaven profusely scatter through the land,
Much more than nature's loudest calls demand.

There is a deep, irradicable curse,
Attaches to the coin of every clime,
That parent of oppression, and the nurse
Affliction's frightful and prolific source;
The fell promoter and the price of crime
Is gold, which in its rancour, less or more
Hath long polluted every peopled shore.

For gold was mann'd that fearful frame of wood,
The lofty dungeon ship—alike to dare
The wrath of heaven and dangers of the flood—
That market boat of human flesh and blood,
To bear calamity to lands afar ;
Long whence with crimson track her bandits bore
The sable sons of Afric's happy shore

Nay, Afric's daughters, too ! nor sex nor age
Were spared ; but e'en as bloodhounds from the slip,
The prowlers, with the hunger-whetted rage
Of tigers, indiscriminately wage
Their eoward war, and poise the scorpion whip
Whose gory thong had long and vainly told
The curses fell of fascinating gold.

E'en here, as weath extends, toil's eares increase
O'er this thy land, for freedoin falsely famed,
See by a standing army in time of peace
Your state sustain'd ; and by a French police
Your towns blue devill'd, and your dungeons cramm'd
With squalid crowds, whom wretchedness hath steel'd
To take by fraud or force what labour may not yield.

Whence come the laurels which the mighty wear?
When martial thunder ravages the world,
Trace conquest and its carnage 'mid the glare
Of gory grandeur, find the purchase there
Of bauble glory! while profusely curl'd,
Death-breathing cannon's thick'ning fumes arise,
While mingled groans and shrieks transpierce the skies.

Behold the battle-field, where thousands sleep
Swathed in their thick'ning life-stream; see the cost
Of arrogated fame, say then how cheap
Hath been the purchase, gaze upon the heap
Of murder'd, mutilated man, the lost
Of country and of friends, that thence there may
Some titled braggart bear the palm away.

The wreath of victory, the profits too,
The titles and the splendour, and the loud
Huzza, for leading thousands to imbrue
Their hands in blood, and fall as they pursue
Their leader's phantom; and unnoticed crowd,
To indiscriminately fill one grave,
Tools of a tyrant—playthings of a knave!

And millions vile, contribute thus to rear
A mountain of a man ! thence but to be
Degraded by the contrast, as the mere
Automatons who work or wield the spear,
As lust of gold or glory may agree,
To move their *bettters*, they who rule the rude,
And surplus mob, the mongrel multitude.

What dull stupidity is this ? what dawn
Or twilight reason urges such disgrace,
As, wholly self-enslaved, to meanly fawn
On whom they hate ; with deadly dagger drawn
Still pointing to themselves, their little space
Of life to render wretched ? has the time
Not yet arrived when baseness were a crime ?

As towers the warrior from the slaves he led,
So rise the plodding speculating crew
From those whose title to their daily bread
Is toil incessant ; and the common dread
Of corresponding famine, as they view
Their taskmen's insolence and rising domes
Abridge the comforts of their humbler homes.

Thou stranger to that happiness, to which
Thy self-important race may never hold
A claim in common, until poor and rich
Shall cease to be distinctions, and the itch
No longer felt for all-absorbing gold ;
'Neath whose fell influence, all ages tell,
Nor truth, nor bliss, but as exceptions dwell.

A short time since, thou know'st the time and place,
When at a book mart in a certain street,
A hungry poet, with a rueful face,
Stated his pitiful, unpitied case,
With empty pockets and with blister'd feet ;
For he had travelled far in borrow'd shoes,
Which, not well fitting, did his feet abuse.

His plight poetical, thus truly hard,
The bookman listen'd to, nor fail'd to use all
The trade's politeness ; yet that luckless bard
With lodgings and with supper unprepared
Had, with his leave, to take a blank refusal,
From one through whom he last and least had thought
To see his pigs to such a market brought.

He erst had sold some jingle, at a price
Such as he little dreamt of having had
To sell it, e'en had what he got been twice
The sum ! an age less damnable for vice
Than want of taste, he murnur'd in his sad
Comminglement of thought, as lone and lame
He measured back the way from whence he came.

I state not this in scorn ; heaven help thee, no !
I e'en could pity thee, wouldst thou not hold
The thing amiss, and petulantly throw
Me back vile epithets, if but to show
Thy talking tact and talent as a scold,
While wasting thus the harmless gust of wind,
Serves not to soothe the canker of the mind.

Thou canst not shroud within the mist of time
Care burden'd memory, nor always sing
Thy sighs to sleep ; thy perishable rhyme
May have its charm, yet still the soothing chime
Of strains mellifluent can only fling
Its magic for the moment o'er thy care ;
Which else had haply yielded to despair.

Though man, in mental bearing, leaves behind
All creatures else, not less beyond his lore
Are those organic movements, which combined
Give action to the universe ; the mind
With all its attributes, may vainly soar
Its mole-hill aspirations, still the night
Enveloped mystery but mocks its flight.

Behold the bird of passage wend his way
Far o'er the trackless deep to distant shores,
Ere winter menaces his longer stay
With death ; he sees destruction in delay,
And hies to where the north less rudely roars.
Say how, self-piloted, this little thing
Thus roaming, revels in eternal spring ?

Or tell me, does that navigable power,
The sons of Adam boast, more credit claim ?
Or why exclusively 'tempt they to tower
Self-pinnacled in pride, whence in an hour
The proudest may be dash'd, and all his fame
Convey no claim nor glory to illume
The all-involving, dark, and silent tomb.

The capabilities for which mankind
Take credit to themselves, are merely such
As suit their being best ; and where behind
In this hast thou beheld one creature ? Find,

If yet thou mayest, one instance where too much
Is given, or withheld, through all the span
Of life, between the maggot and the man.

Let him explore the complicated springs
Of life's arena, which to risk dispute on,
Or range the universe on learning's wings,
To change the order, scale, or course of things,

An unpretending oyster and a Newton
Were impotent alike, whate'er the trust
Or proud pretensions of Promethean dust.

Man's magnitude and might can but apply
Comparatively, an uncertain gauge
To measure physical importance by ;
The range of earth, the ocean, and the sky,
Have agencies occult, whose reckless rage,
Despite his little theories, saves or rends
His latest hope regarding means and ends.

Hoarse billows lash the beach, the storm-fiend wakes
The furies, and the elements convoke
To burst in arms ; now rattling thunder rakes
The wide embattled deep ; while hissing snakes
Of red-wing'd lightning rend the knotted oak,
The gaunt wolves howling scan the war of space,
And towering mountains tremble to their base.

The rolling tempest rushes through the sky,
While shoot the sheeted flames athwart the wide
Extended waste of waters ; while the high
And storm-surmounting, beetling crags defy
Its half spent fury, as with Titan pride
And port unmoved, they seem a glance to throw
Of scorn, on all the ravages below.

Now vagrant clouds disperse, wild torrents sweep
The hills, the thunder in the distance far
Dies in diminish'd mutterings, and sleep
The spirits of the storm ; while o'er the deep
The seabird screams, emerging from the scaur
Or cliff, his wild inaccessible home,
To skim the ocean's undulating foam.

The earthquake and the tempest and the tide
 Alarm alike the boldest ; should they then
Behold the hairsbreadth limits which divide
Time and eternity—all, all their pride
 Yields to the terror of the moment, when
That last dark leap admits no longer stay.
Then what, than man more chills with dire dismay ?

What more than man, hath reason to deplore
 Its utter helplessness, what more than he
Needs faith and hope and fortitude, or more
Requires the dream of that Elysian shore
 Where roam the shades of immortality ;
Or would, with late repentance seek to waive
All chance of jeopardy beyond the grave.

What more than man, when once within the pale
 Of peril, shrinks, or willingly would fly
The shaft of death, could such attempt avail ;
When doubly dread, the lightning and the gale
 In bold sublimity the blackening sky
Have clothed in clouds of thunder ! land alee—
Himself a trembling atom, on the tumbling sea ?

Nay, smile not that a spider thus declaims
On poor humanity's behalf ; nor smile
That such a picture of the ends and aims
Of man the mighty, positively shames
That little creature of cognomen vile,
Whom it so well became thee to miscall
The multifooted monster of the wall.

These facts I merely mention with a view
Less to enlighten thee, than to sustain
This humble state and station as my due,
And somewhat thence thy bosom to imbue
With less of loathing to the spider train ;
'Gainst which once more I challenge thee to state
A ground whereon to justify thy hate.

Vain child of dust ! say what art thou in all
Thy pomp, that I am not, beneath yon vast
Immeasurable vault of heaven ? Thy fall
Like mine approaches, when this parent ball
Of earth shall call thee back again, to cast
Thee forth in atoms, each a part to bear
Alternate, through the ocean, earth, and air.

Poor, perishable thing, the slightest shock
Of matter makes thee humble ! then what power
Of mind avails thee, more than serves to mock
Thy frailty, should the slightest motion rock
The solid earth thou treadest ! e'en the lower
Of elemental wrath can blanch thy cheek
With bodings which thy littleness bespeak.

That thou couldst crush me, should thy whim incite
To such an act of folly, were most true ;
And thus comparatively show thy might,
And interdict my every chance of flight
From instant death : still, mortal, what art thou,
More than the merest maggot that may be
Toss'd on the billows of eternity ?

A transient bubble on the surge of time
Art thou ! nor less ephemeral and frail
Than the minutest creature from the slime
Of procreative matter, though to crime
And care less be its access, to assail
The rights of those around it ; yet its rank
Shall cope with thine in time's eternal blank.

So spoke the spider, or spleenetic muse,
No matter which, the sentiments were these,
And stand the case whichever way you choose
I could not quarter decently refuse,
Had I been bold enough the beast to seize ;
When quick as lightning's gleam through vapour dense
His heav'nward pointing knees convey'd him thence.

WATCHING AND SICKNESS.

BY M. ROSS.

OH ! we have wateh'd night after night,
And wish'd our little sufferer rest ;
Who, starting now with dreaming fright,
And then lay still with pain opprest.

How often look'd into his eyes—
Dim, sunken, heavy, mournful they—
As if to read some hoped surprise,
Some life-assuring, bright'ning ray.

Attending with a parent's care,
Alone a parent can maintain,
To all his wants that whisper'd were,
And strove to soothe returning pain.

Now grieving deep, deep from the heart,
We could not suffer in his stead ;
Awe-struck to feel that we might part,
And he be number'd with the dead.

Strange fears, forebodings dark as night,
Within the night went thronging by,
And nothing save the morning light
Could cheek the tear or still the sigh.

But ah ! no sunbeam could subdue
The sorrow of the heart unseen,
While our dear boy, we too well knew,
Was suff'ring deep from morn to e'en.

And yet a ray of hope would glide
Down through the heart, by grief opprest,
Stemming awhile the rapid tide
Of sad despair within the breast.

Then if a smile, however slight,
Peep'd out through features sickly worn,
We welcomed it with hearts as light
As though they ne'er had cause to mourn.

And oh ! as one poor spark may rise
And gather strength till lost in flame,
That single ray of hope we prize
And treasure well, may grow the same.

T H E C H A S E .

BY NIMROD.

OH, hark in the forest the merry-toned horn,
Calls loudly ye sons of the chase come away !
Whilst yet from yon hill the bright herald of morn,
Sheds through the dark valley his first purple ray.

Oh joy is abroad on the earth, in the skies
The lark his glad matin sings loudly and high :
The flow'rs ope their petals, the songsters rejoice,
While incense regales the soft winds that pass by.

And lo, in yon shady seeluded green nook,
Where towers up in grandeur yon woody-peak'd hill,
A stag from his covert the dew-drops hath shook,
And calmly he drinks in yon clear sparkling rill.

And proud steeds are neighing around the old hall,
The hunters are mounting to join in the chase ;
And seenes of past pleasures which many recall,
Awakens the smile on each health-beaming face.

Hark, nearer they come ! see in trembling and fear
The stag darkly hides till his eye meets the foe ;
Then away through the woods in terrific career
He sweeps with his proud antler'd head hanging low.

The silenee is broken which dwelt in the vale,
By the voice of the huntsman, the yell of the paek ;
They're gone—but the sounds are still borne by the
gale,
From the mouth of the glen in the mountain's rough
track !

There's joy in the chase, and the sun's golden ray
Shall decline in its pride, and faintly shall bnrn,
Ere seeenes which they left at the dawning of day,
Shall witness them wearily homewards return.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

BY JAMES TELFORD.

MY soul is sad and tempest toss'd,
And like a bark is onward driven
To dark oblivion's dreary coast,
Its rudder, Hope, unshipp'd and lost,
And all its sails of promise riven.

For oh, how painful is the sense
Of love defeated, which intwining
Around the heart still burns intense,
Without a hope to recompense
Its lone and secret hours of pining.

THE THREE GRACES.

A Fragment.

BY R. WILLIAMS.

ERATO, mistress of the Cyprian lyre,
And muse of the enamour'd swain, attend !
And o'er my puerile attempts preside,
While I presumptuous meditate to sing
Of three fair sisters, fairest of their sex,
With minds deep fraught with sensibility,
And in demeanour affable and chaste ;
Of modesty serene, without reserve,
And in familiar converse—ah, forbear !
Nor inundate my theme with fond regret
That e'er I heard their fascinating tongues,
That e'er I listen'd as the song arose,
Or fondly linger'd o'er the lessening cadence
Emulating in luxuriant tones
The pathos of adoring seraphim.

* * * *

These with exterior graces archly join'd
Display a phalanx irresistible.

* * * *

Ah, mourn the wretch who innocently strays
Within the verdict of their fell enchantment !
I, alas ! from sad experience sing,
And often to some solitude retire
To teach the distant echoes to repeat my woes ;
And oft in sadden'd epithets inveigh
The trio tyrants of my love-lorn breast
With icy bosoms cold and pitiless !
Nor sighs, nor tears, nor importunities,
Nor all the lover's little arts avail
To soothe the rage of their despotic sway.

Ah, fatal moment, with emotion rapt,
That urged my tongue to break the silent spell
That held me once in sweetest thraldom,
Ere interviews as often sought as gain'd
Betray'd the import of my wondering eyes,
That often gazed upon their peerless forms,
And still unsated gaze ; Minion of time !
Why did I trespass on thy little circuit
To be fetter'd thus in treble bondage ?
And yet, methinks, had I not aeted thus,
What were I now ? the prey of meaner care,
Immersed in artifice, engaged in plots,
T' accomplish that which now I hapless mourn ;
And which (ah, inauspicious change !) now gain'd,

Unbars an entrance to profounder woe.
But cease, fond reverie, for Stella comes !
And with her comes the presencee of an angel,
To assuage the dark contentions of my mind.
She comes from sylvan haunts and purling rills,
Her bosom moisten'd with the early dew,
And odour breathing from her rosy lips.
Maid of the laughing eye and ebon loeks,
In curls luxuriant, down the damask cheek,
That wildly revel in the fitful blast,
Or playful wanton with the amorous breeze.

* * * *

Say, oh ye spirits of prophetic bards !
That hence have stolen from this fitful scene
To worlds celestial, robed in awful state,
Who o'er th' affairs of men in secrecy
Hold special interest. * * *

Farewell, ye maids, I will not see you long,
This life is the prerogative of fate,
And as she wills it we must needs obey ;
But whereso'er I am in form
My heart is still with yon.



DESPAIR.

BY CHARLES DAVLIN.

DREAMS of pleasure, now no more
O'er my moody musings breaking,
Shall ye vagrant peace restore,
 Dreamy hope, and wretch-forsaking
Peace, farewell ! on that lone shore
 Where the weary rest are taking,
Let me, since life's joys are o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows no waking.
Let me rest with, when removed,
Those whom living, most I loved.

Darkly frowns the prospect drear,
Not one gleam of hope retaining ;
Nothing my lone soul to cheer,
 Pity, deaf to my complaining.
Deep, indelible despair,
 All my mind's resources draining ;
Death, my only solace near,
 Points to peace eternal reigning—
That last home of wrongs redress'd
 Where, alone, the wretched rest.

Death, thou dark, dread hero, come !
Most to power and wealth appalling ;
Give me that eternal home,
Drive me hence those cares entralling,
Bid the wanderer cease to roam,
Wayworn, woeworn, shrinking, falling,
Shield him further trials from,
Bid fate's thunders cease their rolling.
Dread one ! I would briefly be
Wafted o'er life's stormy sea.

Friendship false, and friendship true,
Sweets that soothe, and woes that wound us,
All that shocks or glads the view
And in mystic maze surround us.
Could I live past life anew,
Time should not be as he found us ;
Hopes, and fears, and doubts, adieu !
Fate hath cut the chord that bound us.
Hence, each life-attaching spell !
World of wailings, fare thee well !



THE NEGLECTED BARD.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

CHILD of the Lyre, 'tis hard of thee to sing
When stern reverses bind thy soaring wing,
Bind it to earth—and yet there's beauty there,
Food for the mind, as delicate and rare
As poets need to banquet on ; a store
Thou may'st partake until the soul runs o'er.
And yet 'tis sad for Genius to behold
The eyes of soulless men, all calm and cold,
Pass o'er the beauties of his written thought,
So feelingly, so musically wrought,
Woven and interwoven with each change
Of the blest seasons, in their varied range
Of bud, and flower, and fruit of many hues
Pendant above fructifying dews ;
Of cloudless noon, of crimson sunset fair,
Of twilight's hallow'd hour of silent prayer ;
When his serene, aspiring thoughts ascend
From a pure source of worship, thence to blend
With all that's beautiful in earth and skies,
Shrined in his soul, and mirror'd in his eyes.

Retard his dreamy flight, he back recoils
To sordid earth's contaminating toils ;
A space too narrow, his aspiring mind
Would leap the clouds, and grapple with the wind,
Mix with the rainbow, revel in the storm,
And mould its power to every hue and form :
Would chase the moon and stars athwart the night,
And then emerging from the dreamy light
Of clustering clouds, like snowdrifts tinged with gold,
Still yearn new charms and wonders to behold ;
Bathe in the fountains of celestial fire
And wake to louder voice the music of his lyre.

Inspiring hope bursts into loftier song,
More cheering, more exalting, and more strong
In thought poetic, or in pathos fine,
Than e'er was breathed from lowly lyre of mine.
How thrilling, throbbing, piercing, and refined
His boundless genius rushes, like the wind
Through mountain passes, deep, dark, lone, and wild,
Then sinks to quiet, like a weary child.
Still in his soul a plaintive voice is heard,
Ascending from the depths of hope deferr'd
By the cold world's neglect, or scornful look
Of men who see no beauty in the book
Of nature or of poet ; men who find
More glory in their gold than all the realms of mind.

Gloomy incentives to a soul imbued
With all the poetry of gratitude,
That spiritual music of his lyre,
Which, but for hope, in silence would expire ;
Now that lone harp, in many a bitter pang,
Wails in its master's woe, where once it sweetly sang.

—

SONG OF THE NATIONS.

Inscribed to the Peace Society.

BY G. RICHARDSON.

SONS of earth, would ye be great ?
 Let the warring tumult cease,
Grasp the hand of every land,
 And cherish universal peace.
Be the flag of love unfurl'd,
And tranquil beauty grace the empires of the world.

Chiefs of earth, would ye be just ?
 Give freedom unto every man !
Oh, loose from thrall the wrongs of all,
 And save the nations when ye can !
Let the flag of war be furl'd,
And amity unite the persecuted world.

Sons of earth, would ye be wise ?
Quell the fiendish spirit, war !
Be kinsmen fond, in saered bond,
And friendly converse, near and far.
Be the flag of peace unfurl'd,
Nor war's red earnage stain the fair and fertile world.

Lo ! the mighty of the earth,
Regardless ('mid fierce strife embroil'd)
Of mothers' fears, and children's tears,
And homely eomfort all despoil'd !
Peacee, stretch thy wings from strand to strand,
And bless with love and joy mankind of every land.

Kings of earth, be nobly great !
Calm civil feuds by just control :
Let wisdom's gain, with reason reign,
And moral grandeur light the soul !
Let the flag of war be furl'd,
And knowledge, virtue, plant their standard in the
world.



TO THREE SISTER VOCALISTS.

BY WILLIAM REID.

YE sirens three ! whose vocal art
Wins fatal influence o'er the heart,
And ravishes the soul ;
Or sweetly o'er the fever'd breast
With grief and iron care oppress'd,
Usurps supreme control.

Pleased I have heard the woodlands ring,
As the voluptuous voice of spring
Proclaim'd the early year ;
But when my stealthy charmers sing
Elate on rapture's ardent wing
I scan a higher sphere.

When love and music sway the soul,
What power can arrogate control,
Or stem the empulsion'd tide ?
And who could lend a callous ear
While strains which heav'n entranced might hear,
Nor sacred joys divide.

But how shall I, in equal phrase,
Reiterate the meed of praise
Your several charms demand ?
To whom must I bequeath the bays ?
Or consecrate to whom these lays ?
I hesitating stand.

Not more perplex'd, on Ida's height,
When judgment of immortal weight
Trembled on mortal tongue,
While three celestial matrons strove
For the prerogative of love,
Till heaven's dread plaudits rung.

If "Stella" with mellifluous voice,
Anticipates superior choice,
How shall the bard refuse ?
Yet "Silvia" claims an equal prize ;
And "Daphne," ah ! with love-lit eyes,
The homage of my muse.

Ah ! "Daphne," mistress of my breast,
Whose image seriously impress'd
Dictates supremely there—
So mild, so beauteous, and young,
Nor sculptor traced nor poet sung
A breathing form so fair.

Forgive, ye maids, the selfish aim
That animates the poet's flame,
To sing of "Daphne's" charms ;
Not all the idle pomp of fame,
Not all the grandeur of a name,
Alluring as her arms.

Oh ! could my burning numbers move ;
Ah ! could they kindle mutual love
Within her guileless breast !
E'en then, though rapture seized the lyre,
Though smitten with immortal fire,
My joy still unexpress'd.

Antecedant I mark the hour
That leads me to the woodland bower,
And eke my "Daphne's" arms ;
When evening's misty shadows low'r,
When fancy 'neath the ruin'd tower
Arrays her airy forms.



KENILWORTH.

BY W. H.

Proud Kenilworth, a ruin stands,
That is of old renown :
'Mid smiling streams and pleasant lands,
He bows his glory down.

My spirit dreams of other days,
While yet I gaze on thee :
Of mailed knights, and minstrel lays,
And Queenly revelrie !

And then, methinks, how sad the things,
Which such mutation know !
The pomps of nobles, and of kings
Are but a passing show !

And where are they, who, in thy halls,
Have suit and service known ?
Who piled thy ivy-tangled walls,
Unshaped, and overthrown ?

All silent now ! in mist and gloom,
The shadows of the past !
Their mansion is the barren tomb,
Their triumphs could not last !

Be mine a portion, better far
Than aught of earth can be ;
Whose glory is a falling star—
Like, Kenilworth, to thee !

TO E—

BY JAMES TELFORD.

OF fabled flowers, which ever breathe
Their incense round all things most fair,
My hands shall garland thee a wreath,
To deck the braids of thy dark hair,
And wake my lyre ('tis Beauty's claim),
And from my soul's depths frame a lay,
To link to verse thy beauteous name,
And give thy sweetness to the day.

Roam where thou wilt, thy winning grace,
Thy joyous voice, thy beauty's pow'r,
Shall claim the smile from every faee
That hails thee Queen of Pleasure's hour.

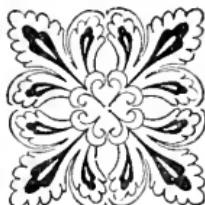
For where thou art no sadness dwells,
E'en sorrow wipes her eyes, and smiles,
Beneath the witchery of thy spells,
Which from each heart all eare beguiles.

Erewhile when grief, with mantle dark,
Made summer's brightest day all gloom,
When hope was dead, and life's dim spark
Cast its pale fliker on the tomb ;
Should I thy praise, my song forego,
Whose charms dispell'd the dark alloy ?
And taught my heart's dull tide to flow
To mirthful measures of pure joy ?

Where pleasure held her joyous sway,
And beauty throng'd her spaeious hall,
Thy smiles like roses mark'd our way,
And made thee echerish'd—loved by all.
How oft, when musie o'er us stole,
I've raptured borne thee through the dance,
Until thy fond—thine inmost soul
Spake in thy bright eyes' burning glanee.

In youth, when fond affections leave
The heart, as odours leave the flow'rs,
'Tis mine, with thy sweet smile, to weave
The joys of all my happiest hours.
But oh ! to sing my love, sweetheart !
My poor lyre lacks the pow'r divine,
To paint of bliss the thousandth part
My fond heart feels, possessing thine.

The form of faultless mould, the mind
Oft searches for, and learns despair ;
But viewing thee, sweet love, would find
All lost in others, centred there.
And oh ! if loveliness, her thrall
Like thee with pleasures ever wove,
My heart, indeed, would pity all
Who know not what is to love.



A WORD TO THE FEW.

BY M. ROSS.

THE world is not wholly deserted
By man who is friendly to man ;
The *few*, we would say, are bad-hearted ;
The *many* do good when they can.
Deceit does not walk in our streets
Where'er we encounter their throng,
Though the ‘evil eye’ doubts all it meets—
We will think so, although we be wrong.

If we prove, in our search for subsistence,
To meanness we never can bend,
We will find such a one in existence,
Perhaps when least look’d for—a friend.
Abuses lie mostly within,
And these are worse, far worse to cure ;
Be true to yourself, and you win—
Be false, and to lose be as sure.

The spirit of freedom increases
As man seeks his welfare in peace ;
The moment that jealousy ceases,
That moment will comfort increase.
Then think not all mankind your foe,
And if you be arm'd with the *right*,
The *wrong* you may suffer, well know,
Will sooner be brought to the light.

A HEART SONG.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

WHEN first I saw thee, young in years,
Attired in maiden grace,
Within my bosom hopes to fears
Alternately gave place ;
There was about thee such a train
Of love's enchantments thrown,
I deem'd the wish was wild and vain
That thou wouldest be mine own.

I gazed upon thy gentle eyes,
With beauty bright and clear,
And felt within my heart arise
All thoughts that made thee dear :
'Twas not the charms alone that broke,
Like morning, o'er thy youth—
From out thy face the spirit spoke
Of purity and truth.

Time pass'd, and, as in some glad dream,
I woo'd thee for my bride,
And on thy cheek saw blushes beam,
By love's sweet warmth supplied ;
And in thy soul faith built its throne,
And vows—not empty breath—
Have made thee mine, and mine alone,
Through changeful life to death.

Night follows day, and day the night,
And weeks and months are gone,
And years have o'er us wing'd their flight
Since thou and I were one :
Though time hath lightly dealt with thee,
I woo'd not cheek and brow—
Thou wert but woman once to me,
Thou art an angel now !

TO THE MUSE.

BY RICHARD WRIGHT PROCTER.

I woo'd thee, bright nymph, in the minstrel's May,
When my heart, like the year, was young ;
When hopes beat wild in the poet-child,
That rarely found a tongue :
Fond nature fired my spirit free,
Whilst fancy fix'd my gaze on thee.
And who shall paint the bliss that warms,
Type of the sea, that mocks control,
When first the rapt eye greets thy charms,
Ethereal Hebe of the soul !
What fairy forms entranced me then—
When will such day-dreams live again ?

'Twas then I view'd that minstrel band
To whom perpetual youth is given ;
Who touch'd the grave with potent wand,
Who bloom at once on earth—in heaven !

And as I bless'd each dear-loved name,
Each gem within the crown of fame,
In wordless prayer I press'd its shrine ;
The mortal worshipp'd the divine,
Till earth was into chaos thrown—
My gods, my idols, lived alone !
How shall my heart's deep joy be told,
When fancy wrote my name in gold,
And placed it 'midst that glittering throng,
A magnet to the world of song ?

Sweet children of thy teeming smile,
Fair visions of a day,
Bright sunflowers on life's desert isle,
How soon they pass'd away ;
For truth has touch'd where fancy drew,
And sear'd the bays my young heart knew.
Yet, when I hear the poet's power
Extoll'd by wit in wisdom's hour—
When beauty's lips pour forth his strain,
And waken hope, or joy, or pain—
When bright eyes gleam athwart each line,
Till looks and words are both divine—
And those high thoughts are all his own,
Which love would claim, and love alone ;
What wonder if I yearn for fame,
And envy each undying name,

Though beaming forth from sainted ground,
Creation-lost, but heaven-found !

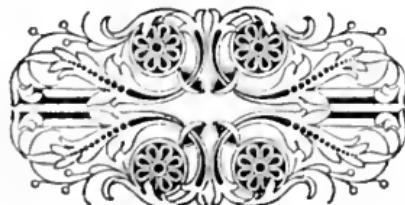
Full oft old Time, with stately pride,
Hath paced each mount and mead,
With young Spring blushing by his side ;
Since vainly, with my sylvan reed,
I woo'd thee for my bride.

Yet still thine image fills my soul,
Still burns that flame with fierce control ;
And should I breathe through years untold,
Thy beauty never will grow old ;
But purer pride and rapture bring
To me, a minstrel, than a king !
Oh ! fleet, though fair, their fate must prove,
Whose hopes, whose hearts, to flesh are given,
Who build no ark of rest above ;
Earth holds a grave for earthly love,
But deathless is the love of heaven ;
And, source of all things pure and free,
The love of heaven is loving thee !

Great empress of the spirit-land,
The sting of youth's best hour,
The griefs that cursed me like a brand,
Were seeds of thy mute power.

But high the rose o'ertops the thorn,
The rainbow gilds the tempest-worn ;
For hours of deep pure bosom-glee,
A realm of beauty and of mind,
A land where giftless eyes are blind,
Thy bright brief smile bequeath'd to me.
What blessings, nursed in Nature's lap,
Burst forth from that sweet time ;
What riches for the poor man's heart—
Hail to the poet-clime !
Where'er thy angel-foot doth fall,
One holy passion tinctures all !

I'll laud thy lyre, still drink thy words,
Though stranger fingers wake the chords ;
And aye shall breathe these lips of mine,
The nymph that spurns me is divine ;
And years confirm thy bless'd control—
Ethereal Hebe of my soul !



TO A DYING FLOWER.

BY WILLIAM REID.

Poor little wan forsaken flower,
Insidious steals the cruel hour
That triumphs o'er thy doom.
With chilly breast and drooping head
Thou mourn'st thy dewy sisters dead,
None left to cheer the gloom.

Full on thy silly fragile form
Grim winter pours the ruthless storm,
With fell, vindictive joy.
Nor heeds thee shrinking all aghast,
Imploring pity of the blast,
That maddens to destroy.

Poor flow'ret, once thy robes were gay,
And blushing in the ardent ray,
Thy bosom bless'd the sun.
While caterning in roguish glee,
Thy sweets allured the pilfering bee,
To feast till day was done.

Alas ! no longer glows that sky
When glist'ning dew illumed thine eye,
Soft peering through the dawn,
To meet Aurora's kindling smile,
As lusty Phœbus rose the while,
Embraeing hill and lawn.

The whirlwind raves where zephyrs sigh'd,
Fell havoe sweeps the garden's pride,
And lays thy honours low.
No sheltering thorn thy frailty shields :
Forlorn, thy broken spirit yields
To dark, desponding woe.

So smiles the world while fortune's sun
All glorious, gilds the horizon
That circles mortal view ;
But when its beams descend in gloom,
Man, darkling sinks into the tomb,
With sad, with faint adieu.

But, timid trembler, though thy fate
Unkindly leaves thee desolate
Where all is bleak and bare.
Yet think not thou art all forgot ;
Transplanted to some genial spot
Thy stem shall flourish there.

And when the genius of the year
Through bright'ning azure shall appear
 Array'd in dewy green ;
While vocal woods her presence hail
Thy fragrant sweets shall load the gale,
 Thy beauty charm the scene.

APRIL.

BY GEORGE RICHARDSON.

"The drought, which commenced on the 19th February, was terminated about one o'clock on Wednesday last, the 28th April, a period of seventy days, or ten weeks."—*Manchester Guardian*, May 1, 1852.

ETERNAL as the heavens, God's mercy deigns
 To tend his creatures with omniscient hand,
For lo ! upon the arid, drooping land,
Descend like blessed dews the fertile rains !
The earth, refresh'd, unfolds a brighter face ;
 Plant, shrub, and flower, and incense-breathing trees,
Open their varied beauties to the breeze,
And wave their tresses in luxuriant grace.

Sweet joyous pæans from the woods career
Like distant melody of silver bells—
Or tinkling waters heard from way-side wells,
And Spring's loved verdure in the glades appear !
The sun shoots down his warm, effulgent beams,
And now the peasant's eye with hope's bright aspect
gleams.

—

T H E M I L K M A I D .

BY JAMES TELFORD.

IN yonder cot, whose ivied beauty,
Of sweet contentment tells the tale,
There dwells a child of love and duty,
The prettiest milkmaid in the vale ;
An angel charm that fondly clingeth
Round her parents' aged hearts,
Who ever to their fireside bringeth
Smiles, before which care departs.

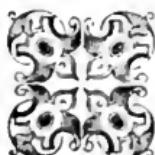
Her eyes are blue, all hearts subduing,
 Her voice like pleasing music falls,
Her lovely face, one moment's viewing
 The eye and heart with love entralls ;
By all beloved—with all agreeing,
 With heart as tender as a dove :
In form and feature, form'd a being
 For manhood's noblest heart to love.

Forth she goes at early dawning
 O'er the dew bespangled lea,
Like a sunbeam of the morning
 So light and airy moveth she,
On her path sweet flow'rs are springing,
 Which kiss with balmy lips the breeze ;
And from the woodlands loudly ringing
 Come day-awak'ning melodies.

And where the landscape's richly glowing
 Beneath the rising sun's first smile,
And where the dappled kine are lowing
 On she goes and sings the while ;
They hear her voice, and come to meet her,
 Whilst she with smiles comes blithely on,
O gentle scene ! a milkmaid sweeter
 The morning sun ne'er shone upon !

Of tend'rest thought and purest feeling,
Fair nature's child, thou know'st no art—
Each word and look to all revealing
The language of thy simple heart ;
Within whose depths, where peace reposes,
May care a dwelling never seek,
Nor blight destroy the sweet twin roses
Whieh blooming smile on either cheek.

And thy fond swain, whose kind advancees
Have won the first love of thy youth,
Who shares thy blue eyes' sweetest glances,
Thy thoughts, and all thy bosom's truth.
Be his the task—the warm endeavour
To chase all sadness from those eyes,
And time will teach him more than ever,
Thy sweetness and thy love to prize.



SPOTS IN THE SUN.

ANONYMOUS.

‘SPOTS in the sun’ was late the cry :
The spots were sought by every eye.
“ Oh, have you seen spots in the sun ? ”
Enquired our neighbours every one.
“ Spots in the sun ! you are mistook.”
“ Oh no, dear sir, I’ve had a look
Through glass all smear’d with soot and smoke :
I never saw the sun before ;
So thought I’d look, e’en to make sure.
Strange it may seem ; yet I aver,
’Tis spotted as a leopard, sir !
The spots some people do insist
Are each no bigger than one’s fist ;
Whilst others say they’re fields of dross,
Full many a thousand leagues across ! ”
“ Dross ! ” others cry, with fear and doubt—
“ Why then the sun is burning out ! ”
“ What ! going out ? how stupid ! no :
Without its light what should we do ?
Learn’d men assert when light there fails
’Tis fed with comet’s wings and tails :

When they approach too near the sun
The natives catch them one by one,
And sell them all to Phæton—
Yes, comet-merchants sell their spoil
Just as our whalers sell their oil ! ”
“ Lord, is that true ? ” cries one in turn,
“ When comets fail, what will they burn ?
The sun will out, just like a spark,
And leave the world completely dark ! ”

Spots in the sun are mischief brewing,
That must involve us all in ruin,
Greater than that which every one
Expects when all our coal is done !
‘ Spots in the sun ! ’ oh, does not this
Show what poor human weakness is ?
Eyes which, naked, never one
Can look upon the glorious sun,
Through cloudy medium will pry
At him, in bright meridian sky,
To find a blemish on that crest,
Whereon their envious gaze to rest ;
And thenee, with fear, prognosticate
The evils that mankind await.
Oh, mortal frail ! does not this earth
Give to great evils daily birth,
But thou e'en to the heavens wouldst soar
With impious gaze, to seek for more ?

MORAL.

Whene'er I see an envions man
The glorious works of genius span,
And blindly pass their merits by,
To dwell on faults, with evil eye,
I wish that they could better see :
'Spots in the sun' recur to me !

When one I see, of feeble mind,
To all his earthly blessings blind,
Pervert them all to present curse,
And dread the future may be worse,
He passes the untasted good
On never-coming ills to brood ;
To him I say, " how dark and drear
The spots upon the sun appear ! "

—
ONCE MORE TO LIFE RESTORED.

BY W. REID.

ONCE more to life restored,
Hope leads the glowing day,
While through the ills that lower'd
Joy darts her streaming ray.

When love and fortune smile,
Who would not bless their beams ?
E'en though they oft beguile,
And leave heart-broken themes.

E'en so my youthful morn,
And so my prospects were ;
Till dark'ning clouds were borne
O'er all that seem'd so fair.

Now all is bright again,
The sun laughs on the hill,
Though tempests shook the plain,
The scene is fairer still.

So when some traveller hies
Through deep'ning solitudes,
While Phœbus limns the skies,
And echo wakes the woods,

Is not his soul elate ?
And warm his pulse's play,
As nature's charms dilate
On the illumined way ?

But if the brooding storm
Should spread its omen'd wings,
And savage blasts deform
His fond imaginings,

Then who so sad in soul?
Yet when its fury's o'er
His eyes enraptured roll
On charms unseen before.

THE LAST SPREE.

BY CHARLES DAVLIN.

WHAT tumult startles, on the breeze of morning,
The sleeping occupants of peaceful homes?
What mental murderers thus scoff the warning
To shun the pest-house whence their madness comes,
Whose song obscene, whose roar of maniac laughter,
Proclaim where reason's lamp no more illumines,
But bold and brutalized, whom sickness after,
Provokes to belch their curses with their fumes!

The distance-mellow'd sounds, now much subsided,
Are all, anon, surmounted by the roar
And rising wrath of elements, divided
By fitful squalls, which through the welkin tore.
In wildness waxing still, the concave deepens
Its pitchy hue, the spirits of that gale
Now howling, hurl their hyperborean weapons
Of blinding sleet, and keenly cutting hail.

Ben Brown had seen his boon-mates, all *good fellows*,
In wild dispersion reel their several ways,
Drugg'd with that draught which maddens while it
 mellows ;
Cuts short, and clouds alike, the drunkard's days.
Ben's homeward course was crooked, long, and lonely,
On such a night, with perils in the path
All blaek and blanching to the soul, when only
 By sunlight seen, devoid night's tempest wrath.

Yet boldly on, with all the drunkard's daring,
He blindly strode, where erst by night and day
He oft had pass'd the mines' dark shaft, while bearing
 His homeward, nearest, most accustom'd way.
Now woe to thee, who sadly, since the gloaming,
Has oft and vainly 'tempted to desery
Through darkness and through tears, thy husband's
 coming,
Ere yet a tempest swept that boding sky.

Alas ! alas ! for thee this dread night closes
Thy minor eares, to 'wake a pang more deep ;
While yet in doubts the fearful truth reposes,
 Soothe on thy waking little ones and weep.
Think on thy love and hope, long crush'd and blighted,
Fondly forgiving still, thy wrongs deplore,
Thy self-enslaved, self-mentally benighted,
 And wayward, hapless husband, lives no more !

Life's blasted flower ! Eve's melancholy daughter !
Ben's mangled body sleeps its final sleep ;
His dread, green canopy, the stagnant water,
Down, down the dark mine, fifty fathoms deep.
Day brought its death-pang to the hapless Mary,
No mother more her orphan's wants supplied ;
This latest blow her bruised heart might not parry,
Her reason fled, she languish'd and she died !

THE GRIEF OF ABSENCE.

BY JAMES TELFORD.

FLOWER of beauty, dark hair'd child,
Why thus pensive sittest thou
With those locks dishevell'd wild
Floating o'er thy neck of snow ?
Why are those bright orbs of gladness
Thus in sorrow downwards hid,
'Neath those lashes dimm'd with sadness
Which infringe that ivory lid.

In this dark inwoven bower,
Where the sunbeams scarce can creep,
Why resorts thou at this hour
'Mid its sadness wild to weep ?
Doth thy bosom's heaving motion
Anguish of the heart portend,
Mournest thou with love's devotion
Absence of some loving friend ?

Fair repiner ! dry thy tears,
Let those bitter flowings cease ;
Banish all those cruel fears
Which would rob thee of thy peace :
Oh ! sweetly trust his plighted vow,
For if his heart is human mould,
He never can forget that thou
Art fairest to behold.

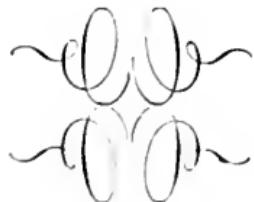
If beneath thy melting glance
He has bask'd, he must adore ;
And this absenee will enhance
Thine endearments still the more.
Oh ! sweetly trust his plighted vow,
For if his heart is human mould,
He never can forget that thou
Art fairest to behold !

TO A FLY LOITERING NEAR A SPIDER'S
WEB.

BY WILLIAM REID.

HASTEN, hasten, little fly,
Pass yon artful tissue by ;
Touch it not, it is a snare—
Rise upon thy native air ;
Give not hesitation breath—
Shun the netted web of death.
See beneath the ambuscade
Schemes of murder darkly laid ;
There the cunning spider lies,
Gloomy foe of thoughtless flies !
Cruel with suspense it waits,
Fix'd as chance preponderates,
Watching thy advent'rous limbs,
As the sunny wall thou climbs,
Wandering with exploring eye,
Seeking sweets that hidden lie.
Little know'st thou, witless thing,
What a heedless step may bring.

Pleasure thus arrays her charms,
Rapture kindling in her arms.
Rosy nectar's subtle tide—
Rich in golden channels, glide !
Laughing flowers, enwreath the cup !
Giddy mortal drain it up !
Now dissolves the potent spell
Changing into loathsome hell ;
Fell remorse and racking pain
Gnaw the vitals, fire the brain,
Dark'ning hope and with'ring thought—
Poison rankling in the draught—
Gather on the thicken'd breath
Emptied in despair and death.
Such is folly's destiny !
As with man, it is with thee.
If, alas ! thou luckless stray,
Reckless of the fatal way,
Then, poor fly, thou liv'st to know
Indiscretion ends in woe.



MOUNTAIN MARY.

BY CHARLES DAVLIN.

'NEATH yonder yew, that mourns like Isis,
Where, wet with dew, the green turf rises,
Morn with her tears each grass blade cumbres,
Meets pity where that maiden slumbers.
Fair was that form so briefly wasted ;
Bleak was the storm that beauty blasted ;
Grief blighted pleasures sublunary,
Guile pierced the heart of Mountain Mary.

Too truly was her soul united,
Falsehood, alas ! that truth requited ;
Long, long she pined her bonds to sever,
Peace to her mind found access never.
Time saw that child of love unchanging,
Witless, yon wild, bleak mountain ranging,
In squalid rags, cold, solitary,
Sleepless and sad, roam'd Mountain Mary.

Late, where yon rocks o'erhang the billow,
Waved her bright locks in ringlets yellow ;
Reckless, that steep, where death did hover,
To the hoarse deep she wail'd her lover.
Last from yon glade night's stillness reigning,
Watch'd the lone maid, the wan moon waning ;
There once again, lorn, lone, and weary,
Love's latest strain sang Mountain Mary.

There closed the song of fate's foredooming,
Reason, her long lost rule resuming,
Told her, her lone friend, death, was near her.
As sad she turn'd to moments dearer.
'Sleep, sleep,' she cried, 'nor mem'ry wake, oh !'
'Sleep, sleep !' replied the lingering echo.
The moon grew dim, the woodland fairy
Dirged the last hymn to Mountain Mary.

Call'd hence to where all grief reposes,
Death chill'd the tear on love's pale roses,
Nor ere she laid her down for ever,
Did she upbraid her dear deceiver ;
But to redeem her perjured lover,
Sigh'd, and her dream of life was over.
While seraphs to Heaven's sanctuary
Bore the last sigh from Mountain Mary.

LOVE.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

LOVE is an odour from the heavenly bowers,
Which stirs our senses tenderly, and brings
Dreams which are shadows of diviner things
Beyond this grosser atmosphere of ours.
An oasis of verdure and of flowers,
Love smileth on the pilgrim's weary way ;
There fresher airs, there sweeter waters play,
There purer solace speeds the quiet hours.
This glorious passion, unalloyed, endowers
With moral beauty all who feel its fire ;
Maid, wife, and offspring, brother, mother, sire,
Are names and symbols of its hallow'd powers.
Love is immortal :—from our hold may fly
Earth's other joys, but Love can never die !

THE FATE OF LOVE.

BY JAMES TELFORD.

WHEN Luna fair from heav'n sends down her glances,
And all by her soft silvery beams are lit,
Beneath yon beeh-tree's widely spreading branches—
Two spirit-forms like beauteous lovers sit ;
Whilst hovering round them oft are seen to flit
Attendant fairies through their aerial dances :
And grey tradition tells, before they parted,
Two such ones carved on this same tree their names,
(The rusties still can traee the worn remains,)
And wept their last adieu with grief nigh broken-
hearted.
The youth to Minden's gory plains went fighting,
And months and years roll'd on, and still no tide
Brought news to cheer his young affianced bride,
Whose heart and cheek grief's canker worm was
blighting.

Foretold by visions of her lover's death she hied
From earthly friends, and as in heav'n she lighted,
His quick'ning spirit—he whom earth to her denied,
Join'd her's 'midst joy which all past grief requited ;
And now they in their love at last united
Dwell, aye in peace, in fields Elysian fair and wide.

T O F A N N Y .

BY WILLIAM REID.

MY Fanny's faultless, fair, and young,
Pure as the tear in pity's eye ;
And oh ! the music of her tongue
Could soothe the soul of agony.

Her smile is like the beam of morn,
That kissing wakes the dewy flowers :
Her fairy figure might adorn
The fairest of Elysian bowers.

And oh ! the glances of her eye,
Where rapture beams expressive love,
Illumes my soul with sudden joy
Scarce known to brightest forms above.

Her heart is open as the day,
And cheers with warmth her lover's toil ;
Yon sun that burns with fervent ray
Ne'er woke the east with softer smile.

And what though life with adverse fate
May swell in dark and sad portent !
While bless'd with her I'm passing great ;
While bless'd with her I am content.

And still should fate provoke the strife,
Nor cease till with the closing breath,
E'en then we'll burn with love and life,
Though slumb'ring in the vaults of death.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

BY W. H.

HE, who little children blest,
Took thee in his arms to rest :
Infant, as a starry ray,
Seen a moment, pass'd away !

THE WANDERER'S GRAVE.

Written on reading an Indian Tale.

BY ALEXIS.

HARK, o'er the dark blue main
Where the lingering tropic sun doth smile,
How sweet the plaintive strain,
That comes from off yon verdant isle.

Where yonder plantains wave,
Lo, many a dark-hair'd Indian maid
Mourns by the lowly grave,
Where the stranger youth is laid.

His fair locks no more
Shall float on the soft and perfumed breeze ;
Nor his proud eye glance o'er
His fondly loved, deep swelling seas.

Light from those eyes hath gone,
And life from his heart hath fled ;
With many a wail and moan
They've cover'd with earth his sunny head.

To the poor Indian maid
He was kind, and loved by the chief ;
Hark, by the plantain shade,
How sweetly sounds their artless grief.

Sad, sad, on a foreign strand
They have closed his vacant eye,
Far from the northern land
Where the bones of his kindred lie.

Far from his blue-eyed maid
He has laid his weary head,
And her heart's bright hopes now fade
For her faithful love is dead.

Sad, sad is her early fate,
And her bosom heaves with pain ;
Who can her pangs relate,
As she fondly waits and weeps in vain.

When eve her shades shall fling,
They'll come to cheer his lonely rest ;
And tell, as soft they sing,
How grief bides in an Indian breast.

Their hands shall build a bow'r,
That when his spirit fair shall roam
In the tranquil moonlit hour,
'Twill learn to bless its island home.

LOOK UP !

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

“ LOOK UP ! ” cried the seaman, with nerves like steel,
As skyward his glance he cast,
And beheld his own son grow giddy, and reel
On the point of the tapering mast ;
“ Look up ! ” and the bold boy lifted his face,
And banish’d his brief alarms,
Slid down at once from his perilous place,
And leapt in his father’s arms.

“ Look up ! ” we cry to the sorely oppress’d,
Who seem from all comfort shut,
They had better look up to the mountain crest
Than down to the precipice foot ;
The one offers heights they may hope to gain,
Pure ether, and freedom, and room ;
The other bewilders the aching brain
With roughness, and danger, and gloom.

“Look up!” meek souls by affliction bent,
Nor dally with dull despair,
Look up, and in faith, to the firmament,
For Heaven and Mercy are there.

The frail flower droops in the stormy shower,
And the shadows of needful night,
But it looks to the sun in the after hour,
And takes full measure of light.

“Look up!” sad man, by adverses brought
From high unto low estate,
Play not with the bane of corrosive thought,
Nor murmur at chance and fate;
Renew thy hopes, look the world in the face,
For it helps not those who repine—
Press on, and its voice will amend thy pace,
Succeed, and its homage is thine.

“Look up!” great crowd, who are foremost set,
In the changeful “Battle of Life,”
Some days of calm may reward ye yet
For years of allotted strife;
Look up, and *beyond*, there’s a guerdon there
For the humble and pure of heart,
Fruition of joys unalloy’d by care,
Of peace that can never depart.

“Look up!” large spirit, by Heaven inspired,
Thou rare and expansive soul!
Look up with endeavour and zeal untired,
And strive for the loftiest goal.
Look up! and encourage the kindred throng,
Who toil up the slopes behind—
To follow, and hail with triumphant song
The holier regions of Mind!

THE WRANGLERS.

BY W. R. DAWSON.

Now higher ran the fierce dispute,
Dilating wide on matter;
Bill urged 'twas easy to transmute
The hardest stone to water.

“What! stone!” quoth Jack, “but what is stone?”
(Bill here produced a sample,)
“But first” quoth Jack, “proof must be shown,
Both positive and ample,
That, that is stone. ere I believe’t.

Quoth Bill, " that's damn'd absurd !
Sure no one here can be deceived,
You play upon the word."

Jack clung tenacious to his course,
(That's proof before conviction,)
Bill argued, storm'd, and then grew hoarse,
Repelling contradiction ;
Till rage o'erleaping mortal bounds,
Rose dark o'er darkling reason,
When straight a tumbling chair resounds
Announcing secret treason.
Now swift the angry rock descends,
By sightless fury thrown ;
The airy element it rends,
Till through the nasal bone
It sunk embedded 'twixt Jack's eyes.
' Now (Bill infuriated cries)
Now, damn you, is it stone ? '



HOPELESS LOVE.

BY W. REID.

ELIZA ! canst thou think of him
Who wakes the lyre for thee !
The theme, the glory of a life
Whose fated end shall be !

Despair broods o'er the famish'd hope
That fed upon our loves :—
Pursuing thy ideal form
My tortured fancy roves.

Is Mammon's suit alone preferr'd
To fan the genial flame ?
Ah ! then how wretched is his fate
Who boasts not e'en a name.

But why has nature waked desires
To fire the soul in vain ?
And why, Eliza, art thou taught
To scorn the simple swain ?

The woodland choir, with joyous song
Now soothes the grateful ear ;
The cuckoo marks returning Spring,
And hails the glowing year.

The wakeful echoes eone the notes
Far in the sylvan gloom ;
While nature, with exulting step,
Leaps out in vernal bloom.

But what are all the joys of Spring,
And all its melody,
Or what the soften'd breeze to him
Whose soul is lost in thee !

TO MR. H—D—.

Professor of Calligraphy in the University of Fame, requesting
him to transcribe and illuminate two productions of the author's.

BY A BARD OF PROMISE.

I SEND thee, Harry, by design,
A bagatelle or two ;
Meant more to stimulate THY line,
Than aught esteeming YOU.

This compliment I must confess
Displays no polish'd sense,
But say, who e'er expected less
From damned impudence ?

As blunt as Boreas in his cave
I spread my meaning wide ;
As barefaced as the gallows knave
Who steps by virtue's side.

Enclosed are two creations fair,
The fretwork of the brain,
Ferm'd in lone hour by studious care
From fancy's airy train.

The gay and lusty seasons these—
That follow youthful Spring !
They fain would prove thy art to please
In graceful finishing.

And when the dainty *curve* and *line*,
And *angular* ascent,
The varied *characters* define,
In beauteous union blent.

Then smiling in their native bloom,
Each with a gilded name
Shall languish in a sunny room,
Environ'd in a frame.

Another season yet remains
To test thy wondrous skill,
Which, slumb'ring in the poet's brains,
Awaits his potent will.

Ah ! let not this discourage thee,
Nor daunt thy noble mind,
Great master of calligraphy !
Though winter frowns behind.

So when thy brilliant touch has lit
The universal *four*,
A hyunn to Genius, Art, and Wit,
The bard shall duly pour.

And while the varied year revolves
And brings the seasons due ;
The eulogistic verse absolves
The debt he owes to you.

But look not for thy arduous pains
Remunerative ore,
For scanty are the minstrel's gains
From fancy's idle lore.

That they are ragged and obseure,
I'm not ashamed to tell ;
All know that poets are as poor
As charity in hell.

I know thy soul indignant spurns
The mercenary bribe ;
The mind where nobler passion burns,
Reveals the God-like scribe.

Long may thy lofty aims be crown'd
With eminent success :
Life's ample volume richly bound
In splendid happiness.

And when the hoary lapse of time
Has dimm'd thy lustrous eye,
And sounds from some mysterious clime
Proclaim that thou must die ;

O, may thy viewless spirit rest
On Glory's brightest beams !
Tower'd high amid the upper blest,
Engross'd in heavenly themes.

Whate'er thy destiny or doom
Thy splendid parts shall shine,
Or plunged in deep sulphuric gloom,
Or raised to bliss divine.

God bless the poet and his page,
And guide his loose effusions ;
And may no hypercritic rage
O'er his obscure allusions.

LINES TO THE OLD YEAR.

BY M. ROSS.

I CANNOT regret thou art gone, Old Year !

For thou brought'st me naught but sorrow ;
I ask'd for a smile, and thou gav'st me a tear,
And happier am I that thy close is near—

I shall hail a New Year to-morrow !

Thy entrance I hail'd with heart-felt delight ;

In happiness anthem'd thy birth—
But in return, all my hope thou didst blight,
And the restless day and the sleepless night

Saw sadness succeeding my mirth.

Let others profusely laud thy career,

And sing of thy end with regret ;
Joy filleth my heart as I sit by thy bier,
And I welcome, thrice weleome, another New Year,
When I hope to be happy yet.

I shall whisper thy dirge to the cold, biting air,
And shall strike thy funeral knell ;
But no sorrowful hymn nor no fawning pray'r
Shall my heart and lips with others share—
But a simple Fare-thee-well.

BEWITCHING CREATURE.

BY WILLIAM REID.

BEWITCHING creature ! scorn me not,
For I do love thee dearly ;
And fain would link thee to my lot,
And doat on thee sincerely.

For thy whole soul is form'd for love,
And I was born to love thee ;
And as the heavens glow above
I rest not till I have thee.

Chide not, my dove, that I am bold,
For thou hast taught this boldness ;
And now my passion must be told
And burn before thy coldness.

Turn not away those full-orb'd eyes
With liquid softness beaming,
Nor leave me, light of paradise !
In adoration dreaming.

Let me still look into that face,
The sweetest and the fairest !
Still let my wilder'd senses traee
A feast of charms the rarest !

Oh ! this full heart wou'd cease to beat,
This bosom eease its heaving—
If thou shouldst join in the defeat
Of my fond hope's conceiving.

As heaven's glory to the soul,
And as the sun to nature,
So is thy magical control
O'er me, ethereal creature !



NEVER DESPAIR !

BY THOMAS FORSTER KER.

NEVER despair ! though dark shadows surround thee,
Let not thine heart be oppress'd with the gloom ;
Remember, though *failure* to-day may have found thee,
To-morrow, *success* may thy pathway illume !

Never despair ! though long suffering and weary ;
Look forward with faith to the future's bright morn ;
And despite thy dark prospects, all lonesome and dreary,
Fortune, at last, may thine efforts adorn !

Never despair ! though the task long begun
Seems more than thy heart's strength can carry thee
through ;
Perseverance may tell thee, long ere thou hast done,
That thy strength is full strong if thou'rt willing to DO !

Never despair ! like the coward and craven,
Who carp o'er the ills which they else might evade ;
Nor rest till thou reacheth the goal and the haven,
And snatch the bright honours which hope long
display'd !

Never despair ! though dark shadows surround thee,
Let not thine heart be oppress'd with the gloom ;
Remember, though *failure* to-day may have found thee,
To-morrow, *success* may thy pathway illume !

TO MATILDA.

BY A. HENDERSON.

MATILDA ! sweet recluse,
Why art thou all alone ?
Does thy fond nature muse
On pleasures scarcely known
Ere they're flown ?

So runs the storied page
Of this eventful life,
From youth to hoary age
One long embattled strife,
Fitful, rife.

But why should one so fair
So guileless and so young,
Be press'd so sad with eare,
Or grief untune that tongue
Sweetly hung.

Rude is the touch that mars
Thy bosom's harmony,
And harsh the note that jars
Where heaven's own melody

Tunes its key.

For whom those mystic sighs ?
From what devoted source ?
What visions fill thine eyes ?
Say what attracts their course,
 Passion's force ?

Is it a tribute paid
To friendship early lost ?
See'st thou thy mother's shade
In th' empyrean host ?
 Happy ghost !

Ah ! no, the blush reveals
The fond resistless cause,
The glance that melting steals
Where nature's mighty laws
 Captive draws.

'Tis love that heaves thy breast
And kindles in thine eye :
Then say for whom confess'd—
A whisper casts the die.

No reply ?

Then let my soul divine
What silence may express,
The gods proclaim thee mine !
So says the pythoness

In distress.

My lovely seraph, speak
In native eloquence,
While roses flush thy cheek,
Steal on my ravish'd sense—
Rapt, intense.

Sweet is the artless tale,
And sweet the modest blush ;
Where innocence prevails
Affection's tide will gush,
Love will rush.

This heart has long been thine
Sweet geni of my dreams,
Where glowing all divine
Thy presence comes as beams
To lone streams.

And I will love thec yet,
And claim thee all my own ;
For I can ne'er forget
The witchery thou hast thrown
O'er days gone !

MY CHARMING MAY.

BY W. KERSHAW.

My charming May, I love thee yet,
And sweet is love's revealing !
And ever since the hour we met
Thy spells are o'er me stealing.

Could sentiment pourtray thy face,
'Twould be a bed of roses ;
The heav'n of beauty, love, and grace,
Where innocence reposes.

What fairy tints spread o'er thy cheeks
In fatal archness smiling ;
Dame Nature, in her antic freaks,
Has form'd thee all-beguiling.

But let me hence, ere thy blue eyes
Contemplate my undoing,
Though beaming in affection's guise
They swim with secret ruin.

Yet, tempted by thy dewy lips—
A luscious, balmy treasure !
How happy he who freely sips
Their honied sweets at pleasure !

How spotless is thy lily neck,
How heav'ly pure thy bosom !
Endow'd with all the sweets that deek
The fairest opening blossom.

And such are thy immortal charms,
Omnipotent resistless :
He who ne'er felt their wild alarms,
Is doubly dull and listless.

Thy very name my bosom warms,
I know no other pleasure ;
Come, fill the circuit of these arms
No other form shall measure !



LINES WRITTEN IN A FLOWER GARDEN.

BY W. REID.

IF pleasure leads thy footsteps here—
Exulting in the vernal year,
Approach ! and view these simple flow'rs
Nursed in the glow of genial hours ;
O'er these let fancy's flights aspire
And at a distance due admire ;
But let not ruthless touch despoil
The beauteous offspring of the soil,
Their tender stems were rear'd with care,
To please the eye and scent the air ;
That he of sympathetic soul
Might trace this being in the whole,
And prove such sentiment refined
The noblest tribute of the mind ;
While they who joy in wanton waste
Are void of feeling, void of taste.

BIDE ON.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

WHEN the heart 'neath its troubles sinks down,
And the joys that misled it are gone ;
When the hopes that inspired it are flown,
And it gropes through thick darkness alone ;
Be faith, then, thy cheer ;
Scorn the whisper of fear ;
Look trustfully up, and bide on.

When fancy's wild meteor-ray
Allures thee from duty to roam,
Beware its bewildering way,
Abide with the soul in its home ;
And hearken its voice :
Let the stream of thy joys
From the fountain of purity come.

When by failures and follies borne down,
The future looks hopelessly drear,
And each day, as it flies, with a frown
Tells how helpless—how abject we are ;
Let nothing dismay
Thy brave effort to-day ;
Be patient, and still persevere.

Be steady in joy and in sorrow ;
Be truthful in great and in small ;
Fear nothing but sin, and each morrow
Heaven's blessings upon thee shall fall ;
In worst tribulation
Shun low consolation,
And trust in the God that sees all.

GIVE ME A COT.

BY T. NICHOLSON.

GIVE me a cot by the greenwood side,
When summer days are fine,
And the landscape spreads both far and wide,
In nature's rich design.
How sweet to stray my garden through,
Amongst the opening buds !
And sweeter still to listen to
The music of the woods.

Give me a cot by the bleak wood side,
When winter days are cold,
And snow enwraps the country wide,
And trees look hoar and old.

At night we'd sit by the cheerful fire—
My own good wife and I ;
And when to rest we should retire
The winds go whistling by.

I would not envy the prince or peer,
The baron or the squire,
Might I reside by the greenwood side—
'Tis all my heart's desire :
Give me but that, with those whom fate
Doth to my lot entwine,
I there in peace would death await,
Then calmly all resign.

INDIVIDUAL GOOD FREQUENTLY GENERAL EVIL.

BY M. ROSS.

WHO is he that is unwilling
To do all the good he can ?
All his duty unfulfilling ?
Let him name himself untrembling,
Be sincere and no dissembling—
My life on't, there is no such man.

The Despot to his own inclining
Reckons, with his thirst for pow'r,
That 'tis good in thousands pining;
In close dungeons life protracting,
Terribly his laws enacting—
“ Good ? mark the issue, not the hour ! ”

Underneath the garb of meekness
The Bigot's soul is fired with zeal ;
Where that we expected weakness,
Comes out like red lava rushing,
Liberty and Reason crushing ;
“ And 'tis good for souls to feel ! ”

The very thief has no compunction,
For he says man made him so ;
And he's forced to use that function
Which protrudes beyond all others—
But he wars not with his brothers—
The laws, he'll tell you, are his foe !

Each does *his good* as best he pleases,
Striving for a better end ;
Applying cures for all diseases :
Fighting, feasting, cursing, praying,
Are employed in evils staying—
Mending what may never mend.

LIBERTY.

A Dream.

BY W. REID.

WHEN Phœbus o'er the gaudy West
Had spread his setting beams ;
And on the mountain's kindling breast
Stream'd faint, in fitful gleams ;
I mark'd the pensive close of day
And Autumn's solemn evening grey
Slow deep'ning in the vale ;
As sad I quit the miry toil,
Where I must ever mope and moil,
While want and cares assail.

Across the dun moor's barren waste
I sought my lowly shed ;
And as my stiffen'd limbs retraced
The track that homeward led,
My soul in scorn of fortune's spite,
Indignant, sought congenial night
To muse upon my lot ;
How I am doom'd to waste my life
In poverty's inglorious strife,
Beneath the clay-built cot.

I gain'd my tempest-riven door
That led to mud walls bare,
And threw me on the earthy floor
Dark brooding in despair :
I look'd into my wife's sweet face,
And oh ! its melancholy grace
Beam'd only for the bless'd !
But yet, the dark upheaving tide
Of baffled hope and wounded pride,
Was surging in my breast.

I glanced the future, and the past ;
Deep pond'ring o'er my fate :
Still, I must brave misfortune's blast,
Still bow before the great,
And trembling bear oppression's stroke,
And slavery's ignoble yoke,
Nor dare a murmur make :
Thus wretched, I lay down to sleep,
And wish'd it might be sound and deep
So I might never wake.

Oh sleep ! a blessed balm art thou
To minds harrass'd and torn !
When troubles cloud the poor man's brow
Dark hov'ring o'er his morn ;

How sweet to breathe a short respite !
To pass the horrors of his night
 In unalloy'd repose,
Then wake refresh'd to guide his eyes
O'er dewy fields and kindling skies
 As dappled morn arose !

With fitful start, and labour'd sigh,
 I sunk in fever'd rest ;
Till reason still'd the stern reply
 Faint echoed in the breast :
When fancy o'er my senses stole,
And soaring, led my trembling soul
 Through wilds and worlds unknown :
Here, nature's awful wreck was pass'd,
There, flaming spheroids were east.
 And fix'd, terrific shone !

Toss'd in the wilderness of space
 Among the booming spheres ;
Where fiery comets urged the race
 Of million, million years !
My spirit bow'd before a god
Who woke the thunder with his nod
 And rent a globe in twain !
Array'd in glory's sapphire blaze,
That shot insufferable rays
 Around his glowing train.

With awe, adown the azure steep
My burning soul recoil'd,
And plunged into the ether deep
Where beamy vessels toil'd,
And seraphs laved their snowy limbs ;
Then chaunting soul-rejoicing hymns,
They wing'd the bright ascent !
While gusts of odour curl'd the waves
That murmuring in their starry caves,
Responsive music lent.

Emerging from the glowing flood,
I spread my wondrous wings ;
When straight, I felt my stealthy blood
Gush through its wonted springs !
And feeling like a weight of lead,
Through cloven air I swiftly sped
Back to the earth again ;
And lighting on a mountain's brow
With hurried pace I swept below—
To reach the haunts of men.

Along a dark and savage stream
I took the devious way ;
To rave o'er love's inspiring theme
Or pour the patriot lay :

A deadly gloom was spread around,
And horrid stillness sat profound
Like Chaos watching Death !

While spectral shapes were seen to glide
And flit athwart the yawning void ;
The birth of terror's breath.

The wind had languish'd to a sigh,
Soft journeying from the west ;
And nature's melancholy eye
Was seal'd in solemn rest ;
But suddenly a sound was heard,
And all the sleeping echoes stirr'd
To thunder back the call !
Careering wild, with awful swell !
O'er rocks abrupt there roaring fell
A foaming waterfall !

With quaking limb, I fearful stood,
And felt myself alone ;
At distance waved a dreary wood
Where sunshine never shone ;
There, endless mountains closed the sight,
And darker than the darkest night,
Hung on the verge of day :
Pale Phœbe, with her lonely star,
Was chased by clouds that swept afar,
In low'ring grim array !

A low, mysterious, fitful howl,
Broke from the coming blast ;
And distant thunder's mutter'd growl
Along the concave pass'd :
Then, jagged lightning's lurid gleam
In flaming splendour swept the stream
And scorch'd it like a scroll !
When lo ! a gaunt, tremendous form,
Leapt from the horrors of the storm,
And gazed down through my soul !

Struck by the glory of his eye,
I sunk in helpless fear ;
When thus, in tones that rent the sky,
A voice roll'd on my ear :
“ Ho ! mortal of the pallid hue,
Arise ! confront our sacred view,
And promptly tune thy speech ;
Declare thy mission to this state ;
Beyond the boundary of fate,
And far from human reach.”

I raised my eyes, and as I glanced,
I met his awful frown ;
Around, the streaming lightnings danced
And storms were round him thrown !

His stature was the mighty tower
That first divides the serried shower
Descending to the earth !
And as he moved the planets shook !
Young earthquakes leapt at his rebuke,
Or ceased their livid mirth.

Around, my ravish'd vision turn'd,
Lo ! bursting on the view
Magnificence in glory burn'd,
Beneath eternal blue !
Resplendent day display'd his beams,
Descending bright on gorgeous streams,
In glittering showers of gold !
Wide spreading o'er elysian fields ;
A region that luxuriant yields
Fruit, mortals ne'er behold.

His throne was on a hoary rock
With gaps and fissures riven,
Plough'd by the dreadful thunder shock
And fierce assaults of heaven !
The eagle was his symbol bird ;
The restless winds that ever stirr'd,
His banners streaming free !
His sway was fire, flood, earth, and air ;
And writ upon the sun's broad glare
The name was LIBERTY !

'Twas thus my falt'ring accents broke :
 “ Oh, potentate supreme !
On whose dread fiat empires smoke,
 And vanish as a dream !
Deem not that my presumptuous foot
Hath ventured here in the pursuit
 Of insolent desires,
I come, oh god-like chief ! in woe ;
If thou no succour can bestow
 Humanity expires !

To plead for my degenerate race,
 I penetrate these realms ;
Here, where oppression has no trace,
 No misery o'erwhelms :
To thee, the ancient friend of man,
Whose bond of union first began
 Coeval with the world !
To thee I bare all human wrongs—
To thee, for but to thee belongs
 The power of vengeance hurl'd !

Beneath the despot's grim control
 How many hearts have bled !
The writhing agonies of soul,
 The tears of lava shed !

The stifled groan, and piercing shriek ;
The helpless struggles of the weak,
Who sink beneath the blow—
The exile's sigh, the captive's wail,
And misery's distressing tale
Of torture, want, and woe.

The ruthless havoc of the sword,
And engines breathing death ;
The lash, the shackle, and the cord
That warps the choking breath ;
The rack, the dungeon, and the chain ;
And all the instruments of pain,
Which bloated tyrants wield,
In prisons or in camps applied,
Or where destructive navies ride,
Or in the bloody field !

The injuries, insults, and scorn,
That man has heap'd on man ;
The burning wrongs, in patience borne,
Since time itself began ;
The pride and cruelty of pow'r,
Oppression's crime-recording hour
That moves in heaven's view,
These speak aloud, with tongues of flame ;
These, speedy retribution claim,
And urge the vengeance due ! ”

I paused—and ere I further said,
The God of freedom spoke :
“ Thy race has long and basely bled
And bow’d before the yoke.
In vain thy suit, thy tears are vain ;
Till reason’s universal reign
Holds empire o’er the mind,
Till then, I keep my solitude ;
Till then, no being shall intrude
In form of human kind.

Grey centuries have roll’d their length,
And worlds have died in space,
Since I stood in the blaze of strength
Among thy wayward race ;
I’ve seen the empires of the world
To howling desolation hurl’d,
Crush’d ’neath the foot of time ;
I’ve wither’d tyrants in their pride,
But others swift the gap supplied—
Renew’d the ancient crime.

But mortal, hark ! there comes a day,
A day of endless date ;
When I shall hold eternal sway,
And triumph over fate !

When death, and time, in mighty hour,
Shall cease their devastating power,
 No longer fear'd, or known !
When earth recalls her injured host,
And kindred, that have long been lost,
 Shall gather round my throne ! ”

He ceased—and o'er a smoking waste
 Evanish'd from my sight !
Loud, fierce, and shrill, an awful blast
 Raved to returning night !
I shriek'd, and rent the phantom dream !
To bathe my eyes in morn's sweet beam,
 And list its syren call !
Still turning to the human race,
In sad essay I sought to trace
 The end and aim of all.

In vain philosophy divines
 That wisdom prompts the cause ;
No reason justifies designs
 Involving cruel laws :
'Tis simple passiveness alone,
That gives the monster, shaped in stone,
 The horrid fangs of power :
With us, lies the disease, and cure—
They who inflict, and who endure,
 Alike rot in their hour.

With brutes, that wage ferocious strife,
Let mortals be compared ;
And with the myriads of LIFE,
How is the difference shared ?
The fiercest of her savage brood
(Though wide from nature's plan)
Where once colossal empires stood—
While wrapt in stern, ambitious mood—
Behold ! in seas of clotted blood
The damning mark of MAN !

TO A ROSE TREE IN MY WORKSHOP.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

O, FLORAL comrade of my lonely hours,
Sweet soother of my saddest mood,
Spring's balm and summer's sylvan bowers
Thou bring'st to my dun solitude !
And when, upon its chequer'd journey rude,
My heart grows faint as gloomy shadows lower,
Thou gently woo'st me back to happier mood,
By some mysterious heaven-inspired power
That lurks in thy fringed leaf and orient-tinted
flower !

Far from thy mates, the brightest of the throng,
That sip at e'en and morn the limpid dews ;
From woods and streams, by which the wild bird's song
Floats free in sun and shade, 'neath heaven's hues ;
Imprison'd in my workshop lone and dim,
Where wand'ring sunbeams seldom find a way,
Thou chantest many a spirit-soothing hymn,
That leads my heart from worldly cares away
Into the realms of nature's glorious holiday !

I give thee water, and a little air,
Which I let through my tiny window pane ;
I give thee just a little kindly care,
Which thou return'st a thousand-fold again,
And blithely donn'st thy seasonable sheen,
Nor seem'st to fret at this dull dugeon spot ;
Thongh exiled from that native nook of green,
Where playmate zephyrs seek through bower and
grot,
Through all the summer roses seek, but find thee not.

Sweet specimen of nature's mystic skill,
Dost thou know aught of human joys and woes ;
Canst thou be gladden'd by the glad heart's thrill,
Or feel the writhing spirit's silent throes ?

To me, thou art a messenger of love,
From the green home where thy sweet kindred grow,
Sent to my cell by that celestial dove
Who made all things in heaven, and earth below,
To preach to wand'ring man the beautiful and true !

EXHORTATION.

BY THOMAS NICHOLSON.

BE just in your dealings ; and act like a man ;
Be honest, for wisdom has hallow'd the plan ;
The knave he may sneer, and the fool he may jest,
He fears not the world who preserves a clean breast ;
In the stern path of Duty for ever hold fast ;
For Justice and Truth always triumph at last !

What, if you be poor, and the rich pass you by
With the sneer of contempt, and the proud scornful eye,
Forget not the mercy of God's mighty plan,
That he is no more—you no less—than a man !
Then, good honest man, look the knave in his face—
You, the pride of creation : lie, its disgrace.

Or if you be rich, overbearing withal ;
Remember that pride has had many a fall :
Yet if you be rich, condescending, and kind,
A grateful response from each bosom you'll find :
At peace with yourself, and in all men's regard ;
A good easy conscience is Virtue's reward !

And richer, or poorer, oh, never engage
But in a just quarrel, if war you should wage ;
For often you'll find little David, the right,
Subduing the giant Goliah of might !
In Truth ever glorious, unswervingly trust ;
For thrice is he armed whose quarrel is just.*

And oh ! saered Justice, to thee we appeal,
Deliver from heaven thy sign and thy seal !
Yes, give us poor creatures, on earth who abide,
A blessing so needed, so often denied !
Ye potentates all, let your laws be so giv'n,
To show they receive their high mission from heav'u !

* Thrice is he arm'd who hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted !

THE VOICE OF CHRISTMAS.

Written after hearing the church bells ring the Old Year's knell, and the New Year's welcome.

BY RICHARD WRIGHT PROCTER.

WHAT music wakes the midnight air ?
The voice of mirth—the tongue of prayer ;
What mean those sounds so blithely given ?
They speak of earth, remind of heaven.
They breathe the warning breathed of old
To thoughtless hearts now wrapp'd in mould ;
The truth, forgot as soon as told,
That time with life resistless flies—
Earth's meteor shooting to the skies !
They tell the tale that daunts the brave—
Another year salutes the grave ;
And youth and age, and hope and fear,
Are crush'd, for death has triumph'd here.
Yet joy laughs loudly o'er the bier,
And mocks the mourner and the tear :
“ Why do ye droop, by grief dismay'd ?
Come forth, the sun shall gild the shade ;

Why do ye weep for pleasures flown ?
Lo, here I reign, and joy's your own ;
Let music thrill through festive hall,
And fairy feet like whispers fall."
And why, in truth, should bright eyes weep
For treasures buried in the deep ?
Or why those earth-ties fruitless mourn,
That never can to earth return ?
Thus reason's philosophie power
Would pluck the sting from sorrow's hour ;
But reason yields to nature's aim,
And thought to feeling's stronger claim.
Thus fitful, like some wandering bird
Or whispering leaf, by soft winds stirr'd,
The voice of Christmas will be heard.
Hail, mistletoe ! bless'd emblem fair,
Thy presence seals the death of care ;
How sweet thy fate, to charm the young,
And bloom an evergreen in song.
For, time long past, the druid bard
High held thee in his soul's regard ;
Still in our own more polish'd day,
Thou minglest with the poet's lay ;
And ages hence the minstrel choir
Shall laud thee with celestial fire,
Pure touchstone of the heart and lyre !

Yes, whilst the mind can deeply feel
Thus will the harp deep thoughts reveal ;
Despite the change of scene or clime,
Despite thy envious touch, old Time.
Ye fairy elves, with gladsome brow,
Who trip it 'neath the sacred bough ;
Ye amorous youths, with graceful mien,
Who mingle in that sylph-like scene ;
May thus your hearts, ye fair, ye brave,
Flow changeless as the ocean wave,
Nor catch one shadow from the grave !
But *should* you mark the *vacant* chair
And memory, battling with decay,
Triumphing over death's stern sway,
Bring back some once-loved image there,—
Let not your bliss be dash'd with fear,
Nor dim your bright eyes with a tear ;
They wear, 'tis hoped, their heavenly gem,
And Christmas fondly speaks of them.
Whene'er my towering soul, at last,
From this frail tenement hath pass'd
From time into eternity,
Say, Christmas, wilt thou speak of me ?



CULTIVATE YOUR MEN.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

WHY don't you till your barren lands,
And drain your moss and fen,
And so give work to honest hands,
And food to famish'd men ?
You cannot always stop the ear
Unto this smother'd cry—
“ Is there no chancee, then, for us here,
But to beg, or thieve, or die ? ”
Ye lordly horde of pompous men,
With mammon-blinded eyes,
Think of the poverty and pain
That moaning round you lies.

The poorest patch of mother earth
Will bless the tiller's care,
And for her starving sons give birth
To work and payment fair ;

But there's another, nobler field—
Big with immortal gain ;
The morasses of mind untill'd—
Go, cultivate your men !

Plough up the wastes of human mind,
Where weedy ign'rance grows ;
Th' negleeted deserts of mankind,
Will blossom like the rose.

But penny-wise, ponnd-foolish thrift
Deludes this venal age ;
Poor self's the all-engrossing drift,
And pelf the sovereign rage.
E'en in the church the lamp grows dim
That ought to light to heaven,
And all that fed its holy flame
To earth's ambition's given.

Go till the wastes of human mind,
Where weedy ign'rance grows,
And mighty treasures there you'll find,
Whose limit no man knows.

One heavenly eye o'erlooketh here
Proud wrong, and sorrow's tears ;
To it all earth's pretenee is clear,
Whatever cloak it wears :

Both high and lowly tread one path,
That leads into the grave,
Where false distinctions flit from death,
And tyrant blends with slave.

In life's short hour, with all your pow'r,
Do all the good ye can ;
There's no investment brings such dow'r
As generous love for man.

—
ON HEARING A STREET ORGAN.

In Heroic Syllables.

BY W. R. ELLIS.

LIST ! list ! it is the organ's soothing swell ;
How sweet it breaks the stillness of the street !
Like woodland streams familiar to my ear
It stirs the reminiscences of youth—
My youth, alas ! oh, fairy-featured youth !
That follow'd pleasure up the verdant hill
To seize the beaming raptures of delight !
Lost in the sweet delirium of love—
In its luxuriant indulgencee lost !
The thought of one—will burn my memory out !—
Oh, change the note ere I am fondly mad !
And art thou gone, thou poor itinerant ?

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A MS.
VOLUME OF RELIGIOUS POEMS.

The production of a Young Poet.

BY JOHN WILSON.

HERE youthful ardour strains the Heaven taught lyre—
Here genius soars amid Empyrean fire—
Here fine conception is minutely wrought,
While pure religion cultures every thought.

Ah ! such the strains that please the pilgrim's ear,
Who distant marks the visionary sphere
Where high amid eternal glory, reigns
The awful Power who heaven and earth sustains ;
And he who sways the great redeeming rod,
Whom Faith and Hope, exulting, own their God.
Pursue, sweet bard, the evangelic strain ;
Still spurn the follies of the world as vain ;
Let virtue ever point the golden way !

Ah ! from her precepts never learn to stray ;
O'er all thy actions set a special guard,
Till merit, persevering, meets its own reward.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD LADY,

Esteemed through life for greatness of soul, and generosity
of heart.

BY W. REID.

HERE, in the bosom of the grave,
An ancient form's consign'd ;
Long toss'd on life's tempestuous wave,
And beaten by its wind.

Still equal to the tide of fate
Her soul undaunted rose :
Alike, her virtues shone elate
In tumult or repose.

With pious step she wander'd forth
Beneath this pallid elime,
Secure in honesty and worth,
An ornament to time.

As dark her gathering troubles grew,
A pitying help was given ;
Till death's cold shade eclipsed her view,
Anticipating heaven.

TO M. S.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

AH ! this wild voyage o'er the sea of life
Needs all the help that heaven and earth can give,
Through its dark storms and shoals, and battle strife,
God must be pilot to the ships that live.

Happy the heart that finds a haven of love,
Where in the tempest it can sweetly moor,
And taste below, the bliss that but above,
Is ever stainless, and is ever sure.

And blest the hearth where pure affections glow—
The husband's and the father's best retreat ;
Where heavenward souls in one direction grow,
With darling tendrils twining from their feet.

Such be thy home ; through earth's mutations strange
A garden where the flowers of heaven grow ;
And sheltered there from blight, through every change,
Its loves, its hopes, no touch of ruin know.

May time, whose withering finger ever brings
To nature's best, the doom of sure decline,
Float over thee with softly-fanning wings,
And find the twilight of thy life divine.

And, ever hand in hand, along your path—
For thee and thine, thus doth the poet pray—
That ye may walk in peace through life to death,
And earth's night be the dawn of heaven's day.

ODE ON THE TRAGIC DEATH OF MRS. BAXTER.

BY WILLIAM REID.

MRS. BAXTER was a young lady about twenty years of age, as accomplished as she was beautiful. Her death was one of a most melancholy and tragic nature. The circumstances of this lamentable catastrophe may be thus briefly stated:—

The young lady in question had been married to a gentleman of the name of Baxter, a partner in a respectable firm of that name in Glasgow, I believe but a few months previous to the event which I am about to relate; when they resolved to pay a visit to the beautiful falls of Clyde, near Lanark.

They started early in the morning, a morning of resplendent beauty, of what day, or date, I cannot now be certain, as nine or ten years have elapsed since then ; though the circumstances of the awful sequel have remained too vividly impressed on my memory to render the main incidents dubious. They were accompanied to the falls by a gentleman of their acquaintance, and arrived at the fatal waters about noon of the same day. They immediately proceeded, after partaking of refreshments at an adjacent inn, to the fall well known as Corra-linn — the most magnificent on the Clyde — being 84 feet in height, while the rocks that rise in frowning majesty over the weltering flood beneath attain an altitude of 120 feet. Here, on an eminence that commands a fine view of the sublime cascade, Mr. Baxter left his lady seated in apparent security, where she might behold the foaming torrents without danger, while he ventured with his friend to some other prospect ; but before leaving he warned her not to move from where she was then seated. He had not been long absent when he returned, accompanied by his friend, to the spot where he had left the lady sitting ; but to his horror she was missing, and was nowhere to be seen. He called her by name, but no reply was returned. On gaining the summit of a precipitous rock in search of the object of his hopes and fears, he picked up a scarf or veil, which the unfortunate lady had on when he left her ; the appalling fate of his beloved instantly flashed on his agonised mind. He still kept calling her by name, and searched every nook of that fatal place with frantic wildness,

but no further trace was had of her living form. He searched all afternoon, assisted by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who had now gathered with tearful eyes, and heavy, beating hearts. Day passed, and night hung over the awful scene ; still they ceased not searching, though it had proved fruitless toil. They did not succeed in finding the body of the ill-fated lady till two or three o'clock on the following morning, when it was turned up by the surging waves at some distance from where she was supposed to have fallen. The body had been bleeding, but was not much lacerated. It was supposed that after Mr. Baxter had left her she had been prompted by a desire to behold the smoking flood from a nearer point than that where she was left, and on looking down on the boiling gulf below she had become alarmed at her situation, then grew dizzy, lost her balance and fell over. This tragic occurrence happened, I think, in the summer of 1843 or 1844, and created a mournful sensation in all circles, while the general sympathy was deep and sincere.

In yon wild gulf of hissing spray,
Where fury pours the frantic flood,
Where danger holds terrific sway,
And horror chills the creeping blood ;

In yon wild gulf a victim bleeds,
Whose lonely spirit lingers here ;
And still in tragic sadness pleads,
While pity starts the swelling tear.

Ah ! who shall lift the doleful pall
That wraps thee in thy youthful bloom ?
Or who, pure shade ! shall e'er recall
The horrors of thy awful doom ?

No eye beheld thee sink in death—
No eye, save an almighty one !
But chaos, writhing wild beneath
In madness tells, the deed was done !

At eve, as nature's pilgrims hie
To watch the lone Hesperian star,
The startled ear oft lists a cry
Wild, agonising, faint, and far !

It comes, as from a seraph's voice—
But one in death's convulsive throes ;
That seems to call its bosom's choice
In tones the lover sadly knows !

And fitful as the wailing winds
Dull moaning in the eaves of night—
It breaks with awe on simple hinds,
Who deem the sounds from elfin sprite.

And fancy oft in solemn hour
Has conjured up the bleeding scene,
And rose with a mysterious power
O'er yonder cloudy gaps between :—

Has led the bard, with frenzied soul—
Terrific o'er yon foaming hell !
E'en where its thund'ring torrents roll
Adown the gorge with giant swell !

There look'd and lost in fearful trance
He penetrates the mist of years,
Lo ! on his sight, dim shades advance
And female loveliness appears !

Led pale and trembling to yon height—
It is ! it is ! her beauteous form !
She reels ! as fades her swimming sight
Wild glaring on the crested storm !

An idiot laugh assails my ears—
Now stifled in the torrent's roar,
The apparition disappears !
Alas ! alas ! and all is o'er !

The fates have work'd their fell deerce,
And vanish'd with malignant grin !
But oh ! what anguish wails with thee
Dread, torture-toiling Corra-linn !

The hopes and joys that rose elate .
Ah ! fled with that delusive morn,
Left grief to mourn the stroke of fate,
And pity, weeping o'er her urn.

And there is one who sadly turns
Back from the bustling haunts of men ;
In agony his memory burns
O'er bliss earth ne'er renew'd again.

THE WORLD.

After Sir Walter Raleigh.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

THIS foolish world doth wink
Its cunning lid ;
And, when it thinks, it thinks
Its thoughts are hid.

Its piety's a screen
Where vice doth hide ;
Its purity's unclean—
Its meekness, pride.

Its charity's a bait
To catch a name ;
Its kindness covers hate ;
Its praise is blame.

Its learning's empty talk ;
Its heart is cold ;
Its church is an exchange ;
Its God is gold.

Its pleasures all are blind,
And lead to pain ;
Its treasures are a kind
Of losing gain.

Its wisdom sows the seeds
Which follies prove,
And its repentance needs
Repenting of.

Lust moves it more than love—
Fear more than shame ;
Its best ambitions have
A grovelling aim.

Oh ! cure our moral madness—
Our soul-disease ;
Show us that Vice brings sadness,
And Virtue, ease.

And teach us in the hour
Of Sin's dismay,
That Truth's the only flower
Without decay.

ALE *versus* PHYSIC.

BY ELIJAH RIDINGS.

Aw'r gooin' by a doethur's shop,
 Ut top o' Newton Yeth ;
Un theer aw gan a sudden stop,
 Un begun t' be feort o' death.

My honds shak'd loike un aspen leof,
 Aw dithert i' my shoon ;
It seemt as dark as twelve at neet,
 Though it wur boh twelve at noon.

Aw thowt aw seed the gallows tree,
 Wheer th' yorn-croft thief wur swung ;
Un ut Owd Nick wur takkin me,
 Un theer he'd ha' me hung.

Aw grop'd my way to th' doethur's heawse
 Un then aw tumbleth deawn ;
Th' floor it gan me sich a seawse,
 Aw welly breek my creawn.

Neaw, what wur th' docthur thinkin' on
For t'bring me to mysel,
Uu save a sick un deein mon,
So feort o' death un hell ?

He used no lance—he used no drug,
Ut strengthens, or ut soothes ;
Boh he browt some strung ale in a jug,
Ut had come fro' Willey Booth's.

He put it i' my waekerin hont,
Ut wur so pale un thin ;
Aw swoipt it o' off ut a woint,
Un aw ne'er ailt nowt sin.

ON A DRUNK VIRAGO.

BY W. R. ELLIS.

MARK well the features of that hideous face,
Where shame has long transform'd its early grace ;
O'erspread with blotches, and a guilty flame,
Like fell Aleeto, of infernal fame :
The Styxian breast, and dull Bœotian head,
The beamless eyes, that roll like orbs of lead !—
How low and loathsome nature may be brought
When vice corrupts the very source of thought !
How mean is pride, how poor is wisdom's boast
When sense, in sensual impotence is lost !

A BOOK FOR THE HOME FIRESIDE.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

WHEN the night cometh round, and our duties are done,
And a calm stealeth over the breast ;
When the bread that is needful is honestly won,
And our worldly thoughts nestle to rest ;
How sweet at that hour is the truth-written page,
With fancy and fiction allied !
The magic of childhood, the solace of age,
Is a Book for the Home Fireside.

There manhood may strengthen a wavering mind,
By the sage's severest of lore ;
There, woman, with sweetness and pathos combined,
Makes the fountains of feeling run o'er ;
There the voices of children may warble like birds
What the poet hath utter'd with pride ;
And the faint and desponding take heart at the words,
Of a Book for the Home Fireside.

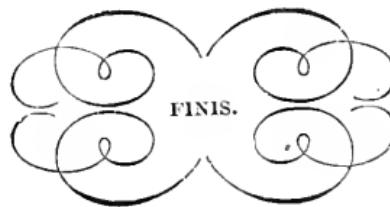
Many souls have been train'd into goodness and grace,
And many stern hearts ehasten'd down ;
Many men have been nerved to look up with bright face
Whatever misfortune might frown ;
Many minds have been roused to new life, and grown
great,
Though baffled, obstructed, and tried,
Have been school'd to endure, learn'd to labour and wait,
By a Book for the Home Fireside.

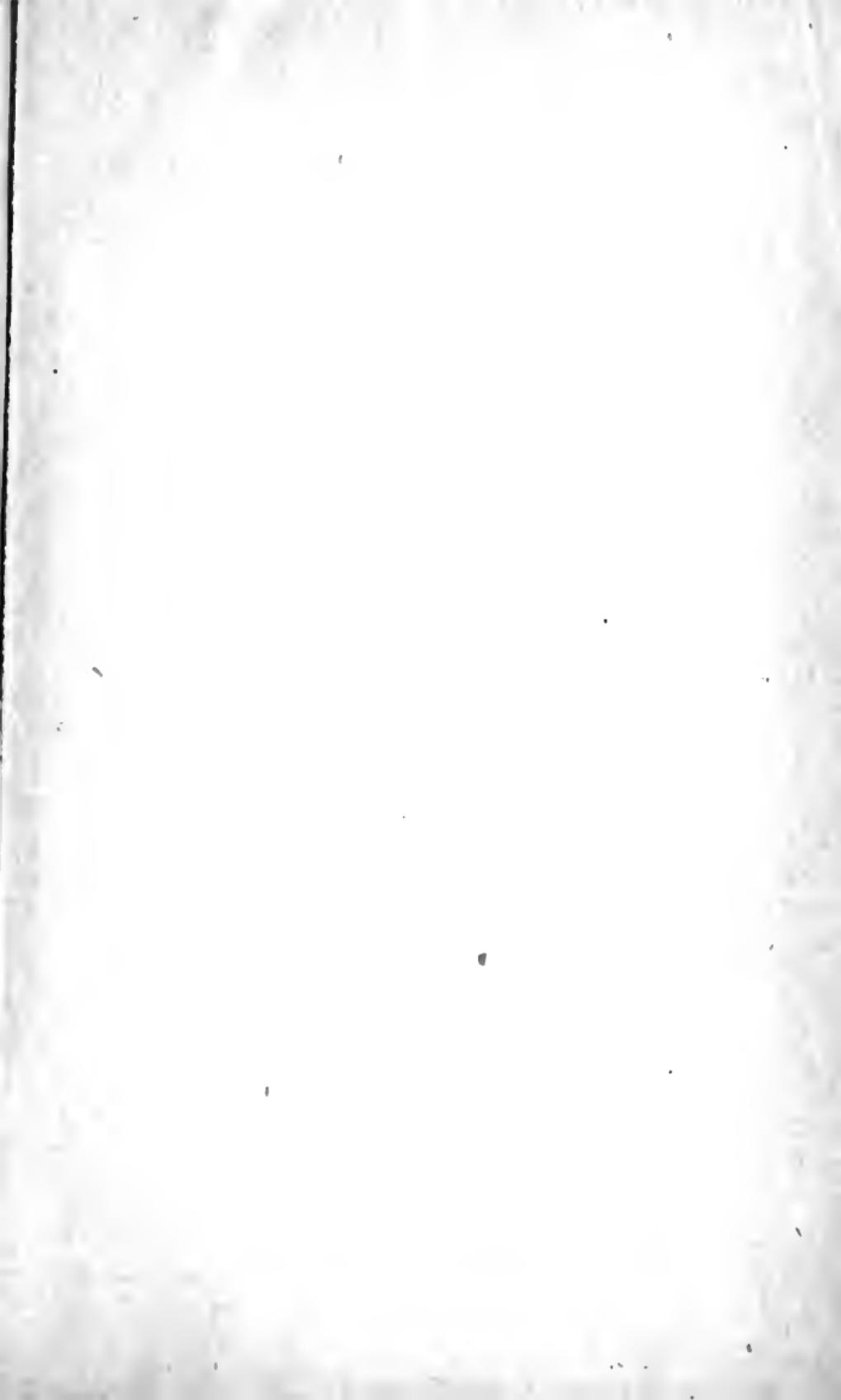
And not with the presence of home is it gone,
For abroad, in the fulness of day,
Its spirit remains with us, cheering us on,
O'er the roughness of life's common way ;
And nature looks lovely, but lovelier yet
Through the glass of reflection deseried ;
We have read of her wonders, and who would forget ?
In the Book for the Home Fireside.

Whate'er be my fortune, in shadow or shine,
'Mid comfort, stern labour, or woe,
May I ne'er miss the taste of those waters divine
From the well-springs of genius that flow.
I should lose a sweet charm, I should lack a great joy,
And my heart would seem wither'd and dried,
Did I want what has been my delight from a boy,
A Book for the Home Fireside.

Bless the bards and the prosemen, whatever their clime,
Who bequeath us the wealth of their thought,
Their truth-revelations, their visions sublime,
Their fancies so tenderly wrought.
We were poor, with the riches of kings for our dower,
Without what their pens have supplied,
And that brain must be barren which owns not the
power
Of a Book for the Home Fireside.

Dear child ! let thy leisure be link'd with the page,
But one nor too light nor austere ;
May its precepts improve thee, its spirit engage,
And its sentiments soften and cheer ;
May it keep thy affections in freshness and bloom,
Console thee, and teach thee, and guide,
Be a flower in the sunshine, a star in the gloom.
A Book for the Home Fireside !





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